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The World's Orators

Comprising

THE GREAT ORATIONS OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

With

Introductory Essays, Biographical Sketches and Critical Notes

GUY CARLETON LEE, PH.D.
Editor-in-Chief

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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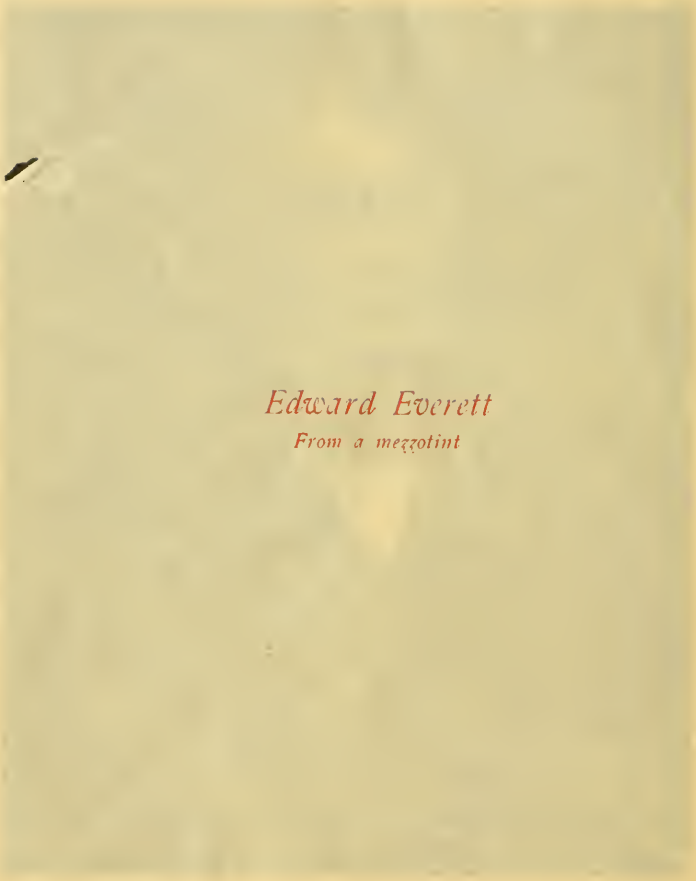

Edward Everett

From a mezzotint

Orators of America

Part III.

Edited by

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With the Collaboration of

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PREFACE

TO

THE ORATORS OF AMERICA

Part III

THIS, the tenth volume of the World's Orators Series, is devoted to the great Public Speakers of the period of the Civil War. The orators of that era departed from the classical style of their predecessors. It was not a departure in sequence, but a tangential diversity in style. Thus began the methods of to-day — methods not yet valued, and not yet at their highest development. In completing this volume, and with it the series, I desire to express my obligations to my Advisory Council and Board of Associate Editors. I must also in grateful appreciation especially thank my collaborators, Joseph Cullen Ayer, Mitchell Carroll, and John R. Larus, for their unstinted assistance, which alone has rendered possible the completion of the series within the time set for its issue. I am under par-

ticular obligations to John R. Larus, for upon him has fallen not only a share of the editorial work, but the entire responsibility for the proof-reading of the World's Orator's Series. To insure its correctness he has spared neither time nor strength.

G. C. L.

Historical Department,
Johns Hopkins University,
1901.

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THE WORLD'S ORATORS

THE WORLD'S ORATORS

THE ORATORY OF AMERICA

PART THIRD

ALTHOUGH the decade which marked the turning-point of the nineteenth century was replete with events, the conditions were not favorable to the production of the best in parliamentary oratory. Feeling had completely dominated the field of deliberation and discussion; impulse and passion were permitted to dictate speech which offended the canons of oratory as well as those of taste. Invective too often took the place of argument; there was little of debate, much of assertion, counter-assertion, sarcasm, and ridicule. There was effective speech, indeed; but it owed its effectiveness to the sympathy of the auditors rather than to inherent worth.

Before entering into a brief consideration of

the parliamentary oratory of that period of strife, however, let us view another class of oratory, which at that time perhaps reached its height. This is the expository oration. This form of oratory is of great antiquity. It was the means by which the philosophers and rhetoricians of Greece and Rome gave to the world their theories and their thoughts. With the establishment of methods whereby the thinker could find larger audience than could be compassed within the sound of his voice, however, the expository oration became less popular. The printing-press finally reduced this style of oratory to a secondary place; for by means of the types the philosopher could speak to all the world. Yet there still remained occasional call for the spoken word, and the voiced essay was not entirely abandoned. It was found that, though the audience was smaller than that reached by the printed words, it could be more easily and more surely dominated by the aids of voice and gesture. There are many who read carelessly but listen eagerly; there are many who will not read at all, but who will give close attention to the preacher of truths. Therefore the expository address has always held firm place in the field of oratory.

Among all modern nations, the people of the United States held most closely to this style of speech. There has always existed a national

fondness for oratory, even though the type was not invariably high, and this lent itself to the preservation of the expository oration. In lyceum or field, the announcement of a speech to be delivered by a popular orator, local or national in fame, has ever been the signal for the assemblage of the populace from near and far, and all, whether cultured or ignorant, united in the encouragement bestowed by generous applause.

This racial peculiarity was basis for a description of oratory which at one time rose to noble heights. There were men who devoted their talents of eloquence almost exclusively to the field of expository address; there were others who entered it only upon occasion, but who carefully studied the methods requisite to success therein. This latter division included such great parliamentary and forensic orators as Webster and Choate; the former is best represented by Edward Everett.

Everett's activities extended over a lengthy period. His first great oration, upon the "Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America," was delivered when he was thirty years of age. At that time he was interested in politics, and for four successive terms he represented his native State in Congress; but it was not as a political orator that he was known. He was a scholar and rhetorician rather than a

debater, and he soon abandoned political oratory and made expository address the chief occupation of his life.

Everett brought to his vocation a fine presence, a rich and varied vocabulary, a keen appreciation of beauty, a broad and scholarly education, a powerful, if not a profound, intellect, and a spirit of veneration of the best, of toleration of the inevitable. His style was luxuriant, yet never transcended the canons of taste, and was used as the expression of a culture and learning beyond that possessed by any orator of his day. His command of the attention of his audiences was invariable, and his influence was great. It was therefore fortunate that he was a man of high principle, that he never used his great gifts to incite wrath or animosity. When sectional antagonism was at its height, Everett was as welcome at the South as at the North, the people everywhere recognizing and admiring his toleration, his sincerity, and his integrity.

Everett's speeches are purely literary in form, sometimes, indeed, sinning because of too great elaboration, thus lacking effect of contrast. There was always symphony as well as harmony; his was a style impossible save to one who possessed an ear for melody as well as sense of fitness. Nor was he only great in form: his words were the expression of high thoughts. He was optimistic in

his political beliefs, and this tendency was of value to his day, overcast with the shadow of coming strife. He used his art to inculcate lessons of the value of learning and the beauty of patriotism, and had the country listened to his speech with true appreciation of the thought which inspired his words, it might have been spared the worst of that which Everett strove to avert.

Nearly as eminent as Everett, but his antithesis in all things save in sincerity, was Wendell Phillips. He also devoted his life to expository oratory ; but it was of the political class. Phillips was an orator by nature, an agitator by conviction. In abolition he found a cause which in his eyes was worthy of tireless, ceaseless effort in its behalf. At the time when he first made that cause his own, there was needed dauntless courage to bear its banner aloft in the sight of all men, and this courage was his in perfection.

Phillips's style was colloquial as a rule, yet it was neither monotonous nor undignified. His strength lay in his logical reasoning, which was irresistible. His auditors were ofttimes convinced against the force of their lifelong prejudices. He was peculiarly happy in characterization, and seemed invariably to describe the object of his praise or animadversion in the only manner suitable thereto. His eloquence often failed in height, if considered by the standards of ordinary criticism, but in ability

to hold his audience spellbound it never failed. Friend and foe alike acknowledged the strength of his art and personality, the one describing him as "Vesuvius in full eruption in the calm of a summer day," the other terming him "an infernal machine set to music."

While these two orators were the greatest of those who generally confined themselves to the expository oration, there were others who sometimes entered that field, and who proved worthy competitors for the palm of excellence. Of these one of the most eminent was Rufus Choate. He was distinguished as a forensic, parliamentary, and expository speaker, and in the domain of oratory it might be truly said of him, *"Nihil tetegit quod non ornavit."* His style was by some thought to be too exuberant to be reconciled with a severely critical taste, but the public verdict was almost unanimously in his favor. His rhetoric was invariably splendid, and this fact sometimes obscured the closeness of the reasoning which that rhetoric clothed, but no orator was ever more convincing. He was a constant student of all that was best in literature, and he could on the instant bring forth from his vast store of knowledge that which was most appropriate to the time. His noble imagination, tempered and chastened by his clear and logical understanding, gave him the power of presenting his subject that was equalled by few

orators of any day, and certainly surpassed by none of his generation.

Undoubtedly the greatest of those who practised two styles of oratory was Charles Sumner. The outset of his career as a public speaker was confined to the expository class of oration, it being long before he became interested in matters political. But in this field of academic address Sumner gained for himself a fame as great as that of any of his contemporaries. Almost his first oration won him instantaneous recognition among the foremost orators of his day. It was a "Fourth of July speech," but it was of a style far nobler than that which is usually associated with that class of oration. His subject was "The True Grandeur of Nations," and its sentiments were in opposition to the spirit of the time, so that he failed in winning the sympathy of his audience. But the speech was recognized by critics as a marvellous composition. Its learning was profound, its rhetoric of gorgeous splendor, its thoughts lofty. It has been compared to "cloth of gold, glowing with adornment of jewels."

For a time Sumner confined himself to speeches of this class, but at length he was drawn into the conflict of that day of battle, and his entry into the political arena marked an era in the constitutional history of the country. It was soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill that

Sumner took his seat in the Senate. Here he at once assumed leadership of a party which was then unpopular and weak in numbers. His associates were not of the highest of the land ; some there were, such as Chase, Seward, and Hale, whose reputation was of the greatest, but the rank and file of the party were the reverse of illustrious. But Sumner's dauntless courage was proof against any fear of failure, and his profound conviction of right stood him in stead at all times. At first he remained silent, the better to study the position and the tactics of his adversaries, but at length his opportunity came, and with it the thunderbolt which he had so long held prepared. His amendment to an amendment, wherein was the clause that the "said Fugitive Slave Act is hereby repealed," was the prelude to a speech which was as a shell exploded in the quiet of the Senate. There had been hope of peace founded on compromise, but this public agitation of an ignored question made war inevitable.

But however ill-advised might be considered the speech, no one, even among its adversaries, could refuse tribute to its greatness. It gave to the question of abolition a constitutional foundation,— a stand which had never before been taken in Congress. And it was a noble effort of rhetoric, finished in form, true in proportion, and thrilling with earnestness and conviction.

It marked the establishment of the leadership of the speaker and the dignity of the cause which he represented; but it also marked the beginning of a change of style in the methods of Sumner. Henceforth, under stress of bitter attack and sarcastic innuendo, he more and more surely lost his dignity of utterance, until at last he used almost solely the unworthy weapons of personal invective and villification. Argument gave place to philippic, and he whose diction had once been pure and dignified, at last made use of such terms, when speaking of the Nebraska Bill, as "a swindle of the North by the South."

The earnestness which was the chief constituent in the nature of the man here betrayed him. The partisan spirit became too strong, shutting out all other influence, and the great orator became a mere sayer of bitter words. It was the sin of the time, and Sumner did not by any means stand alone in its commission. There were in the legislature of the nation men as determined as he, men as sure of the right in their cause. Those who yet strove for toleration and amnesty became a decreasing minority. Partisanship was all that was discernible in debate; the merits of the question were ignored, that the opposing forces might be solidly arrayed against one another.

Among the opponents of Sumner and his cause were many men who were fiery and intemperate

in language ; but perhaps the most glaring example of an orator of great natural powers who was so unmeasured and intemperate in speech as to render himself almost as dangerous to friend as foe was Thaddeus Stevens, the great upholder of emancipation. His every word was a dagger. He was restrained by no consideration of policy or prudence, much less by any consideration for the feelings of an opponent. He believed himself the representative of a people who looked to him for aid in their extremity, and this belief held him to his task in the face of the most determined attack, even of the most unfounded calumny. But his convictions and earnestness led him into methods which were indefensible. To strike his enemy wherever the latter exposed a vulnerable point, unmindful whether or no the weapon with which he dealt the wound was poisoned, was Stevens's conception of his duty and his privilege as a member of the chief deliberative body of the nation. He was a partisan of partisans, finding no right or justice in aught that was not on his side of the question at issue. Nor was he content with the ultimate triumph of his cause ; those who had opposed it must of necessity be to him enemies. Hence his oratory was little more than rapid denunciation, in which shone faintly a hint of greater possibilities, but which is now of value and interest only as embodying the extreme of the

bitterness of that bitter day, and as showing to what length might be carried invective when in the hands of a master of that ignoble art.

In the peril to the peace of the nation there was also peril to the interests of American oratory. Men, heedless of grace of form, sought words only to best express their passions. Public speech waned in quality as it waxed in quantity, and the rise of the "stump speaker," howling forth his denunciations of all who did not hold his own peculiar tenets, threatened the welfare of the best in oratory. It was found that those who appreciated and cared for beauty of diction were few as compared with those who looked only to the agreement of the orator with their cherished convictions. Speech roughened and hardened, and appeal to the people was made in words suitable to the taste and comprehension of the mob.

Among the first evidences of the cultivation of this art of appeal to the lowest forms of intellect were the public debates between Lincoln and Douglas in the presidential campaign of 1860. Neither of the competitors was incapable of the best in oratory. Lincoln's defects in education were adequately supplied by true feeling and natural power, as was abundantly manifested in his speeches after election. Douglas had already given evidence of great powers as an orator, and had gained the soubriquet of "the Little Giant." Yet in

the debates between these men there was absolute lack of anything which might be termed oratory. Each seemed to vie with the other in couching his thoughts in language which was crude and rough. There was no attempt to raise the intellect of their auditories to their own level; rather they sought for the lowest depth of public understanding, and, having found it, there took their stand as sure of being comprehensible to all above. In these famous debates was much of keen analysis and trenchant stroke; but the method of speech was careless, often slovenly.

Thus, from all these causes of the time, began the decline of public speech in the aspect of rhetoric. And with these causes worked another, not less potent in effect. This was the growth of the fallacy that rhetoric and grace of diction were fatal to the clarity and strength of presentation of an argument or theme, and that they even savored of affectation. Then came the period of severe simplicity.

The artisan began to take the place of the artist. Language became a mere medium of crude thought. Fact was not content with its own place in speech; it must entirely banish fancy, and oratory became utterly utilitarian.

Whether this arose from the decline of public taste in matters literary, or whether it was cause of that decline, is a question impossible of decision.

The two were almost coincident in time, and it is not possible to award precedence to either. But that there was close connection may be easily demonstrated.

Oratory is a branch of literature. Sometimes, as in the case of Rome, it has been the parent stem, the first literary form known to the nation. The refinements of speech have always been at least synchronous with those of the written word. The nation foremost in general literature has ever been that which led in oratory, although in this regard literary taste must be considered as equally potent with production.

Therefore the culture of the day inspired and adorned its speech. And this culture was for a long period in the hands of the few. The many were content to be taught, to suffer dictation of taste from those who had devoted to these matters time and study. There had not come the spirit of false emulation, which was to make each man believe himself the equal in attainments of the wisest, — was to cause him to regard as an upstart one who claimed greater knowledge than he.

But with the spread of education, this spirit also went abroad. And writer and orator found it necessary to change their methods to meet and satisfy it. The orator in particular, especially if his theme was political, was compelled to keep his thought and expression safely within the grasp of

those whom he addressed, and the very knowledge possessed by these proved a limitation. It made them capable of criticising, yet did not give them breadth of comprehension sufficient to render their criticism worthy of respect. Nor was their education sufficiently extended to enable them to appreciate grace of form or subtlety of reasoning; it sufficed only to make them resentful of anything which seemed to pass beyond their own limited scope. The age had become severely practical. Everything must have intrinsic and demonstrable value, or it was of no worth.

From these and cognate causes, there was after the period of the Civil War a marked decline in the quality of public speech. Exceptions there were, and notable ones; but it was the fact that they were exceptions which made them most noteworthy. There were not wanting men who clung to the old traditions, who refused to yield their independent convictions because of the sneer of the iconoclast; but they were rare.

But in all extremes there is an inevitable effect which has to be reckoned with: there comes recoil. In matters material or immaterial, it is a law which, though its workings may be slow, is never abrogated. There comes a point beyond which the theory or practice may not go; and when it has reached that point, reaction invariably occurs.

There are many signs that in oratory this point

has been reached, and that the inevitable recoil has begun. The giants of the past—the Websters and the Beechers, the Calhouns and the Clays —have known no equals in succeeding generations ; but this has perhaps been less from lack of ability in their successors than from the dominance of a pernicious canon of art. The speaker in Senate or on the hustings is bound by the fashion of his day ; he dares not transgress its laws, lest ridicule and loss of prestige result. There have always been men sufficiently strong to disregard these limitations and use their own methods, fearless of criticism ; but only of late have these men shown power to control the public taste and thought.

There is another significant aspect of the time which gives promise to the future of oratory. This is the change in political method. The people have begun to judge for themselves, heedless of sectional feeling or personal bias. The people have begun to ask for reasons for the faith which is in them ; and that faith needs advocates who shall have power to persuade and convince.

For too long the political orator was expected to be merely the mouthpiece of his hearers. He was asked merely to voice the popular sentiment of the meeting and moment ; he was to be vehement in denunciation of adversaries, without troubling to prove those adversaries in the wrong. It was enough that he was sarcastic, blatant, loud

in asseveration, to make him a popular speaker; argument and persuasion were not in his sphere, being unnecessary.

But there has come change. He who would now be a leader of the people must be ready with his reasons. He must plead his cause before the great tribunal of public judgment; and according to the merit and weight of his pleading, so is he judged.

To this test he must needs bring, if he is to make the desired impression, the methods of the orator. Halting speech, awkward phrasing, incoherent argument, will not serve his purpose; he must reject all but the best method of appeal if he is to win his cause. And in this growing need is to be found a hope for the future of public speech.

The history of oratory, traced from its beginnings in areopagus and forum, in thing and witan, has not lacked periods of ebb and flow. There have been eras when this art has seemed to be numbered among those lost to men forever, when eloquence has seemed as dead, to be remembered only because of the noble monument reared above its ashes. Yet this has proved but seeming: there has been call for the orator,—call from either the time or nation,—and he has not failed to respond. There have been times when all the world seemed yielded to eternal silence, when man seemed to

forget that he had a voice to be raised in incitement or protest; yet to those days of stillness have succeeded others, full of the voices of nations.

There may be change of method. The luxuriant rhetoric of the past, so delightful to our ancestors, would now offend the cultured taste, accustomed to the dignity of severe simplicity. But there are certain requisites to oratory which are constant in their nature, such as power, vitality, grace, and, above all, conviction. As call for these in public speech diminishes, so does that speech recede from the standard of oratory; when they cease to be held needful to the test of eloquence, oratory is no longer effective.

Since the period of the Civil War, there has been much public speech worthy of preservation, even if it has not reached the height touched by the utterances of the generation preceding the era mentioned. In the present there are orators whose words are ringing and persuasive, and who give hope of yet greater things in the nearing future. But there is wanting occasion; there is no threatening crisis, no looming peril, to call forth the burning eloquence of incitement or enthusiasm. Yet, if the occasion come, it is hardly to be doubted that men will arise who will fill its needs, that in these will be heard once again the fervid eloquence of Webster, the masterly logic of Calhoun, and the cultured power of Everett.

But that this may be, it is necessary that that great power for good or evil, the public taste, be carefully cultivated to recognition of and desire for the best. The future of oratory is in the hands of those who form public taste no less than in the hands of those who obey it; it is in the hands of the writers of words, as well as of those who speak them. While we look to the future, we must not be too wise to learn from the past; we must take its good and reject its evil.

By careful and discriminating examination of the models furnished us by past ages; by steadfast determination to imitate the giants of old in their wisdom, to refuse to follow them in their follies, we may, if we refuse to listen too obsequiously to carping criticism, obtain a canon of oratory which shall make eloquence a vital thing. The power still lives; it is the understanding how most effectively to employ that power which is alone lacking. This too may come, by study, by independent thought; and then oratory will again rise to the heights which it once knew, and become, as it once was, a power to direct the course of the world.

EDWARD EVERETT

Edward Everett was born in Massachusetts in 1794. At seventeen years of age he graduated at Harvard, taking the highest honors. He was appointed a tutor at Harvard, and there studied for the ministry. In 1814 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, but at the expiration of a year resigned his pulpit to accept the Eliot Professorship of Greek at Harvard. Before taking the chair, however, he went to Europe and studied at Gottingen, where he received the degree of Ph.D. After extensive travel, he returned to America, and in 1819 assumed the chair to which he had been appointed. In 1824, having in the interim won a wide fame as an orator, he was elected to Congress, and there served for four successive terms. In 1835 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, being annually reëlected until 1840, when he was defeated by a single vote. In 1841 he went to England as Minister Plenipotentiary, and filled the office with distinguished success. In 1845 he was made President of Harvard, but resigned in 1850. He succeeded Webster as Secretary of State under Fillmore, and upon retiring from that position was elected to the Senate. His health soon after failed and caused him to resign, and the rest of his life was devoted to literary labors and the delivery of orations on timely subjects, although he was nominated by the Whigs for the Vice-Presidency in 1860. His orations during the Civil War were always decided, yet moderate, in their views, and his last speech, made on January 9, 1865, was in behalf of the needy and suffering citizens of Savannah. He died on the 15th of the same month.

Everett was one of the most purely literary of all American orators. His wide reading endowed him with a fluency of word and figure, together with aptness of quotation and richness of imagery, which made his speeches at once poetic and forceful. In symmetry and finish they were perfect.

Mr. Everett's orations have been published in four volumes, appearing at different times, the last in 1859 (Boston). There is no complete biography.

THE HISTORY OF LIBERTY

Everett.

The speech selected as an example of the eloquence of Edward Everett was delivered on the occasion of a celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, at Charleston, Massachusetts, in 1828. The speech is an admirable specimen of the early style of the great orator, and is an example of a type of American eloquence which long since became moribund. The diction is at times inclined to turgidity, but is on the whole smooth and flowing, and sometimes rises to noble heights.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The event which we commemorate is all-important, not merely in our own annals, but in those of the world. The sententious English poet has declared that "the proper study of mankind is man"; and, of all inquiries of a temporal nature, the history of our fellow-beings is unquestionably among the most interesting. But not all the chapters of human history are alike important. The annals of our race have been filled up with incidents which concern not, or at least ought not to concern, the great company of mankind. History, as it has often been written, is the genealogy of princes, the field-book of conquerors; and the fortunes of our fellow-men have been treated only

so far as they have been affected by the influence of the great masters and destroyers of our race. Such history is, I will not say a worthless study, for it is necessary for us to know the dark side, as well as the bright side, of our condition; but it is a melancholy study, which fills the bosom of the philanthropist and the friend of liberty with sorrow.

But the history of liberty,—the history of men struggling to be free,—the history of men who have acquired and are exercising their freedom,—the history of those great movements in the world, by which liberty has been established and perpetuated, forms a subject which we cannot contemplate too closely. This is the real history of man,—of the human family,—of rational, immortal beings.

This theme is one; the free of all climes and nations are themselves a people. Their annals are the history of freedom. Those who fell victims to their principles in the civil convulsions of the short-lived republics of Greece, or who sank beneath the power of her invading foes; those who shed their blood for liberty amidst the ruins of the Roman Republic; the victims of Austrian tyranny in Switzerland, and of Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands; the solitary champions, or the united bands of high-minded and patriotic men, who have, in any region or age, struggled and suffered in this great cause,—belong to that

people of the free, whose fortunes and progress are the most noble theme which man can contemplate.

The theme belongs to us. We inhabit a country which has been signalized in the great history of freedom. We live under forms of government more favorable to its diffusion than any which the world has elsewhere known. A succession of incidents, of rare curiosity and almost mysterious connection, has marked out America as a great theatre of political reform. Many circumstances stand recorded in our annals, connected with the assertion of human rights, which, were we not familiar with them, would fill even our own minds with amazement.

The theme belongs to the day. We celebrate the return of the day on which our separate national existence was declared; the day when the momentous experiment was commenced by which the world, and posterity, and we ourselves were to be taught how far a nation of men can be trusted with self-government — how far life, and liberty, and property are safe, and the progress of social improvement is secure, under the influence of laws made by those who are to obey them; the day when, for the first time in the world, a numerous people was ushered into the family of nations, organized on the principle of the political equality of all the citizens.

Let us then, fellow-citizens, devote the time which has been set apart for this portion of the duties of the day to a hasty review of the history of liberty ; especially to a contemplation of some of those astonishing incidents which preceded, accompanied, or have followed the settlement of America and the establishment of our constitutions, and which plainly indicate a general tendency and coöperation of things towards the erection, in this country, of the great monitorial school of political freedom.

We hear much at school of the liberty of Greece and Rome — a great and complicated subject, which this is not the occasion to attempt to disentangle. True it is that we find in the annals of both these nations bright examples of public virtue, — the record of faithful friends of their country, of strenuous foes of oppression at home or abroad, — and admirable precedents of popular strength. But we nowhere find in them the account of a populous and extensive region, blessed with institutions securing the enjoyment and transmission of regulated liberty. In freedom, as in most other things, the ancient nations, while they made surprisingly near approaches to the truth, yet, for want of some great and essential principle or instrument, came utterly short of it in practice. They had profound and elegant scholars ; but, for want of the art of printing, they could not send

information out among the people, where alone it is of great use in reference to human happiness. Some of them ventured boldly to sea and possessed an aptitude for foreign commerce; yet, for want of the mariner's compass, they could not navigate distant oceans, but crept for ages along the shores of the Mediterranean. In respect to freedom, they established popular governments in single cities; but, for want of the representative principle, they could not extend these institutions over a large and populous country. But as a large and populous country, generally speaking, can alone possess strength enough for self-defence, this want was fatal. The freest of their cities accordingly fell a prey, sooner or later, either to a foreign invader or to domestic traitors.

In this way, liberty made no progress in the ancient States. It was a speculation of the philosopher and an experiment of the patriot, but not an established state of society. The patriots of Greece and Rome had indeed succeeded in enlightening the public mind on one of the cardinal points of freedom — the necessity of an elected executive. The name and the office of a king were long esteemed not only something to be rejected, but something rude and uncivilized, belonging to savage nations, ignorant of the rights of man, as understood in cultivated states. The word *tyrant,* which originally meant no more than monarch,

soon became with the Greeks synonymous with oppressor and despot, as it has continued ever since. When the first Cæsar made his encroachments on the liberties of Rome, the patriots even of that age boasted that they had

> "—— heard their fathers say
> There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
> The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
> As easily as a king."

So deeply rooted was this horror of the very name of king in the bosom of the Romans that, under their worst tyrants and in the darkest days, the forms of the Republic were preserved. There was no name under Nero and Caligula for the office of monarch. The individual who filled the office was called Cæsar and Augustus, after the first and second of the line. The word "emperor" *(imperator)* implied no more than "general." The offices of consul and tribune were kept up; although, if the choice did not fall, as it frequently did, on the emperor, it was conferred on his favorite general, and sometimes on his favorite horse. The Senate continued to meet, and affected to deliberate; and in short, the Empire began and continued a pure military despotism, ingrafted, by a sort of permanent usurpation, on the forms and names of the ancient Republic. The spirit indeed of liberty had long since ceased to animate these ancient forms; and when the barbarous tribes of Central

Asia and Northern Europe burst into the Roman Empire, they swept away the poor remnant of these forms, and established upon their ruins the system of feudal monarchy, from which all the modern kingdoms are descended. Efforts were made, in the middle ages, by the petty republics of Italy, to regain the political rights which a long proscription had wrested from them. But the remedy of bloody civil wars between neighboring cities was plainly more disastrous than the disease of subjection. The struggles of freedom in these little States resulted much as they had done in Greece : exhibiting brilliant examples of individual character and short intervals of public prosperity, but no permanent progress in the organization of liberal governments.

At length a new era seemed to begin. The art of printing was invented. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks drove the learned Greeks of that city into Italy, and letters revived. A general agitation of public sentiment in various parts of Europe ended in the religious Reformation. A spirit of adventure had been awakened in the maritime nations, and projects of remote discovery were started ; and the signs of the times seemed to augur a great political regeneration. But, as if to blast this hope in its bud—as if to counterbalance at once the operation of these springs of improvement—as if to secure the permanence of the

arbitrary institutions which existed in every part of the continent, at the moment when it was most threatened—the last blow, at the same time, was given to the remaining power of the great barons, the sole check on the despotism of the monarch which the feudal system provided; and a new institution was firmly established in Europe, prompt, efficient, and terrible in its operation, beyond anything which the modern world had seen, —I mean the system of standing armies; in other words, a military force, organized and paid to support the king on his throne and retain the people in their subjection.

From this moment, the fate of freedom in Europe was sealed. Something might be hoped from the amelioration of manners in softening down the more barbarous parts of political despotism; but nothing was to be expected in the form of liberal institutions, founded on principle.

The ancient and the modern forms of political servitude were thus combined. The Roman emperors, as I have hinted, maintained themselves simply by military force, in nominal accordance with the forms of the Republic. Their power—to speak in modern terms—was no part of the Constitution. The feudal sovereigns possessed a constitutional precedence in the State, which, after the diffusion of Christianity, they claimed by the grace of God; but their power, in point of

fact, was circumscribed by that of their brother barons. With the firm establishment of standing armies was consummated a system of avowed despotism, paralyzing all expression of the popular will, existing by divine right, and unbalanced by any effectual check in the State. It needs but a glance at the state of Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century to see that, notwithstanding the revival and diffusion of letters, the progress of the Reformation, and the improvement of manners, the tone of the people, in the most enlightened countries, was more abject than it had been since the days of the Cæsars. The state of England certainly compared favorably with that of any other part of Europe; but who can patiently listen to the language with which Henry VIII. chides, and Elizabeth scolds, the Lords and Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain?

All hope of liberty then seemed lost; in Europe, all hope was lost. A disastrous turn had been given to the general movement of things; and, in the disclosure of the fatal secret of standing armies, the future political servitude of man was apparently decided.

But a change is destined to come over the face of things, as romantic in its origin as it is wonderful in its progress. All is not lost; on the contrary, all is saved, at the moment when all seemed involved in ruin. Let me just allude to the incidents

connected with this change, as they have lately been described by an accomplished countryman, now beyond the sea.

About half a league from the little seaport of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Sometime in the year fourteen hundred and eighty-six, a poor wayfaring stranger, accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance on foot at the gate of this convent, and begs of a porter a little bread and water for his child. This friendless stranger is Columbus. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of mariner,—occasionally serving in the fleets of his native country, —with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the sovereigns of Portugal and Spain. He tells them that the broad, flat earth on which we tread is round; and he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung from the creation of the world over the bounds of the ocean. He promises by a western course to reach the eastern shores of Asia — the region of gold, and diamonds, and spices; to extend the sovereignty of Christian kings over realms and nations hitherto unapproached and unknown; and, ultimately, to perform a new crusade to the Holy Land, and ransom the sepulchre of our Savior with the new-found gold of the East.

Who shall believe the chimerical pretension?

The learned men examine it, and pronounce it futile. The royal pilots have ascertained, by their own experience, that it is groundless. The priesthood have considered it, and have pronounced that sentence, so terrific where the Inquisition reigns, that it is a wicked heresy. The common sense and popular feeling of men have been kindled into disdain and indignation towards a project, which, by a strange new chimera, represented one half of mankind walking with their feet towards the other half.

Such is the reception which his proposal meets. For a long time, the great cause of humanity, depending on the discovery of this fair continent, is involved in the fortitude, perseverance, and spirit of the solitary stranger, already past the time of life when the pulse of adventure beats full and high. If, sinking beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the mass, and the persecution of a host of adversaries, high and low, he give up the thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted! But he does not sink. He shakes off his enemies as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. That consciousness of motive and of strength which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported sustains him in his hour of trial; and at length, after years of expectation, importunity, and hope deferred, he

launches forth upon the unknown deep to discover a new world under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella! Let us dwell for a moment on the auspices under which our country was discovered. The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yes, doubtless they have fitted out a convoy worthy the noble temper of the man and the grandeur of his project. Convinced at length that it is no day-dream of a heated visionary, the fortunate sovereigns of Castile and Aragon, returning from their triumph over the last of the Moors and putting a victorious close to a war of seven centuries' duration, have no doubt prepared an expedition of well-appointed magnificence to go out upon this splendid search for other worlds. They have made ready, no doubt, their proudest galleon to waft the heroic adventurer upon his path of glory, with a whole armada of kindred spirits to accompany him.

Alas! from his ancient resort of Palos,—which he first visited as a mendicant,—in three frail barks, of which two were without decks, the great discoverer of America sails forth on the first voyage across the unexplored ocean! Such is the patronage of kings. A few years pass by; he discovers a new hemisphere; the wildest of his visions fade into insignificance before the reality of their fulfilment; he finds a new world for Castile and Leon,

and comes back to Spain loaded with chains. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful; such are the rewards of monarchies!

With this humble instrumentality did it please Providence to prepare the theatre for those events by which a new dispensation of liberty was to be communicated to man. But much is yet to transpire before even the commencement can be made in the establishment of those institutions by which this great advance in human affairs was to be effected. The discovery of America had taken place under the auspices of the government most disposed for maritime adventure, and best enabled to extend a helping arm, such as it was, to the enterprise of the great discoverer. But it was not from the same quarter that the elements of liberty could be introduced into the New World. Causes upon which I need not dwell made it impossible that the great political reform should go forth from Spain. For this object a new train of incidents was preparing in another quarter.

The only real advances which modern Europe had made in freedom had been made in England. The cause of constitutional liberty in that country was persecuted—was subdued—but not annihilated nor trampled out of being. From the choicest of its suffering champions were collected the brave band of emigrants who first went out on the second, the more precious voyage of discovery,—

the discovery of a land where liberty and its consequent blessings might be established.

A late English writer has permitted himself to say that the original establishment of the United States and that of the colony of Botany Bay were pretty near modelled on the same plan. The meaning of this slanderous insinuation is that the United States were settled by deported convicts, in like manner as New South Wales has been settled by transported felons. It is doubtless true that, at one period, the English Government was in the habit of condemning to hard labor, as servants in the colonies, a portion of those who had received the sentence of the law. If this practice makes it proper to compare America with Botany Bay, the same comparison might be made of England herself, before the practice of transportation began, and even now, inasmuch as a considerable number of convicts are at all times retained at home. In one sense, indeed, we might doubt whether the allegation were more of a reproach or a compliment. During the time that the colonization of America was going on the most rapidly, some of the best citizens of England, if it be any part of good citizenship to resist oppression, were immured in her prisons of state or lying at the mercy of the law.

Such were some of the convicts by whom America was settled—men convicted of fearing God

more than they feared man—of sacrificing property, ease, and all the comforts of life, to a sense of duty and the dictates of conscience; men convicted of pure lives, brave hearts, and simple manners. The enterprise was led by Raleigh, the chivalrous convict, who unfortunately believed that his royal master had the heart of a man, and would not let a sentence of death, which had slumbered for sixteen years, revive and take effect after so long an interval of employment and favor. But *nullum tempus occurrit regi*. The felons who followed next were the heroic and long-suffering church of Robinson, at Leyden,—Carver, Brewster, Bradford, Winslow, and their pious associates, convicted of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences, and giving up all—country, property, and tombs of their fathers—that they might do it unmolested. Not content with having driven the Puritans from her soil, England next enacted or put in force the oppressive laws which colonized Maryland with Catholics and Pennsylvania with Quakers. Nor was it long before the American plantations were recruited by the Germans, convicted of inhabiting the Palatinate when the merciless armies of Louis XIV. were turned into that devoted region; and by the Huguenots, convicted of holding what they deemed the simple truth of Christianity when it pleased the mistress of Louis XIV. to be very zealous for the Catholic faith. These were followed,

in the next century, by the Highlanders, convicted of the enormous crime, under a monarchical government, of loyalty to their hereditary prince on the plains of Culloden ; and the Irish, convicted of supporting the rights of their country against what they deemed an oppressive external power. Such are the convicts by whom America was settled.

In this way, a fair representation of whatsoever was most valuable in European character—the resolute industry of one nation, the inventive skill and curious arts of another, the courage, conscience, principle, self-denial of all—was winnowed out, by the policy of the prevailing governments, as a precious seed wherewith to plant the American soil. By this singular coincidence of events our country was constituted the great asylum of suffering virtue and oppressed humanity. It could now no longer be said—as it was said of the Roman Empire—that mankind was shut up, as if in a vast prison house, from whence there was no escape. The political and ecclesiastical oppressors of the world allowed their persecution to find a limit at the shores of the Atlantic. They scarce ever attempted to pursue their victims beyond its protecting waters. It is plain that in this way alone the design of Providence could be accomplished which provided for one catholic school of freedom in the western hemisphere. For it must not be a freedom of too sectional and peculiar a cast. On

the stock of the English civilization as the general basis were to be ingrafted the languages, the arts, and the tastes of the other civilized nations. A tie of consanguinity must connect the members of every family of Europe with some portion of our happy land, so that in all their trials and disasters they may look safely beyond the ocean for a refuge. The victims of power, of intolerance, of war, of disaster, in every other part of the world must feel that they may find a kindred home within our limits. Kings whom the perilous convulsions of the day have shaken from their thrones must find a safe retreat; and the needy emigrant must at least not fail of his bread and water, were it only for the sake of the great discoverer who was himself obliged to beg them. On this corner-stone the temple of our freedom was laid from the first,

> "For here the exiles met from every clime,
> And spoke in friendship every distant tongue;
> Men, from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
> Were here divided by the running brook."

This peculiarity of our population, which some have thought a misfortune, is in reality one of the happiest circumstances attending the settlement of the country. It assures the exile from every part of Europe a kind reception from men of his own tongue and race. Had we been the unmixed descendants of any one nation of Europe, we should have retained a moral and intellectual dependence

on that nation, even after the dissolution of our political connection had taken place. It was sufficient for the great purposes in view that the earliest settlements were made by men who had fought the battles of liberty in England and who brought with them the rudiments of constitutional freedom to a region where no deep-rooted proscriptions would prevent their development. Instead of marring the symmetry of our social system, it is one of its most attractive and beautiful peculiarities that with the prominent qualities of the Anglo-Saxon character, inherited from our English fathers, we have an admixture of almost everything that is valuable in the character of most of the other states of Europe.

Such was the first preparation for the great political reform of which America was to be the theatre. The colonies of England — of a country where the supremacy of laws and the constitution is best recognized — the North American colonies — were protected, from the first, against the introduction of the unmitigated despotism which prevailed in the Spanish settlements ; the continuance of which, down to the moment of their late revolt, prevented the education of those provinces in the exercise of political rights ; and, in that way, has thrown them into the revolution inexperienced and unprepared — victims, some of them, to a domestic anarchy scarcely less grievous than the

foreign yoke they have thrown off. While, however, the settlers of America brought with them the principles and feelings, the political habits and temper, which defied the encroachments of arbitrary power, and made it necessary, when they were to be oppressed, that they should be oppressed under the forms of law, it was an unavoidable consequence of the state of things — a result, perhaps, of the very nature of a colonial government — that they should be thrown into a position of controversy with the mother country, and thus become familiar with the whole energetic doctrine and discipline of resistance. This formed and hardened the temper of the colonists, and trained them up to a spirit meet for the struggles of separation.

On the other hand, by what I had almost called an accidental circumstance, but one which ought rather to be considered as a leading incident in the great train of events connected with the establishment of constitutional freedom in this country, it came to pass that nearly all the colonies — founded as they were on the charters granted to corporate institutions in England, which had for their object the pursuit of the branches of industry and trade pertinent to a new plantation — adopted a regular representative system, by which, as in ordinary civil corporations, the affairs of the community are decided by the will and voices of its

members or those authorized by them. It was no device of the parent government which gave us our colonial assemblies. It was no refinement of philosophical statesmen to which we are indebted for our republican institutions of government. They grew up, as it were, by accident, on the simple foundation I have named. "A House of Burgesses," says Hutchinson, "broke out in Virginia in sixteen hundred and twenty"; and, "although there was no color for it in the charter of Massachusetts, a House of Deputies appeared suddenly in sixteen hundred and thirty-four." "Lord Say," observes the same historian, "tempted the principal men of Massachusetts to make themselves and their heirs nobles and absolute governors of a new colony; but, under this plan, they could find no people to follow them."

At this early period, and in this simple, unpretending manner, was introduced to the world that greatest discovery in political science, or political practice, a representative republican system. "The discovery of the system of the representative republic," says M. de Chateaubriand, "is one of the greatest political events that ever occurred." But it is not one of the greatest, it is the very greatest; and, combined with another principle, to which I shall presently advert, and which is also the invention of the United States, it marks an era in human affairs — a discovery in the great

science of social life, compared with which everything else that terminates in the temporal interests of man sinks into insignificance.

Thus, then, was the foundation laid, and thus was the preparation commenced, of the grand political regeneration. For about a century and a half this preparation was carried on. Without any of the temptations which drew the Spanish adventurers to Mexico and Peru, the colonies throve almost beyond example and in the face of neglect, contempt, and persecution. Their numbers, in the substantial middle classes of life, increased with singular rapidity: no materials out of which an aristocracy could be formed; no great eleemosynary establishments to cause an influx of paupers. There was nothing but the rewards of labor and the hope of freedom.

But at length this hope, never adequately satisfied, began to turn into doubt and despair. The colonies had become too important to be overlooked; their government was a prerogative too important to be left in their own hands; and the legislation of the mother country decidedly assumed a form which announced to the patriots that the hour at length had come when the chains of the great discoverer were to be avenged, the sufferings of the first settlers to be compensated, and the long-deferred hopes of humanity to be fulfilled.

You need not, friends and fellow-citizens, that I should dwell upon the incidents of the last great act in the colonial drama. This very place was the scene of some of the earliest and most memorable of them ; their recollection is a part of your inheritance of honor. In the early councils and first struggles of the great revolutionary enterprise, the citizens of this place were among the most prominent. The measures of resistance which were projected by the patriots of Charlestown were opposed but by one individual. An active coöperation existed between the political leaders in Boston and this place. The beacon light which was kindled in the towers of Christ Church in Boston on the night of the eighteenth of April, 1775, was answered from the steeple of the church in which we are now assembled. The intrepid messenger who was sent forward to convey to Hancock and Adams the intelligence of the approach of the British troops was furnished with a horse for his eventful errand by a respected citizen of this place. At the close of the following momentous day, the British forces—the remnant of its disasters—found refuge under the shades of night upon the heights of Charlestown ; and there, on the ever-memorable seventeenth of June, that great and costly sacrifice in the cause of freedom was consummated with fire and blood. Your hill-tops were strewed with the illustrious dead ; your homes were

wrapped in flames ; the fair fruits of a century and a half of civilized culture were reduced to a heap of bloody ashes, and two thousand men, women, and children turned houseless upon the world. With the exception of the ravages of the nineteenth of April, the chalice of woe and desolation was in this manner first presented to the lips of the citizens of Charlestown. Thus devoted, as it were, to the cause, it is no wonder that the spirit of the Revolution should have taken possession of their bosoms and been transmitted to their children. The American who, in any part of the Union, could forget the scenes and the principles of the Revolution would thereby prove himself unworthy of the blessings which he enjoys ; but the citizen of Charlestown who could be cold on this momentous theme must hear a voice of reproach from the walls which were reared on the ashes of the seventeenth of June — a piercing cry from the very sods of yonder hill.

The Revolution was at length accomplished. The political separation of the country from Great Britain was effected ; and it now remained to organize the liberty which had been reaped on bloody fields—to establish, in the place of the government whose yoke had been thrown off, a government at home, which should fulfil the great design of the Revolution and satisfy the demands of the friends of liberty at large. What manifold

perils awaited the step! The danger was great that too little or too much would be done. Smarting under the oppressions of a distant government whose spirit was alien to their feelings, there was great danger that the colonies, in the act of declaring themselves sovereign and independent States, would push to an extreme the prerogative of their separate independence and refuse to admit any authority beyond the limits of each particular commonwealth. On the other hand, achieving their independence beneath the banners of the Continental army,—ascribing, and justly, a large portion of their success to the personal qualities of the beloved Father of his Country,—there was danger not less imminent that those who perceived the evils of the opposite extreme would be disposed to confer too much strength on one general government; and would, perhaps, even fancy the necessity of investing the hero of the Revolution in form with that sovereign power which his personal ascendancy gave him in the hearts of his countrymen. Such and so critical was the alternative which the organization of the new government presented and on the successful issue of which the entire benefit of this great movement in human affairs was to depend.

The first effort to solve the great problem was made in the course of the Revolution, and was without success. The Articles of Confederation verged

to the extreme of a union too weak for its great purposes; and the moment the pressure of the war was withdrawn the inadequacy of this first project of a government was felt. The United States found themselves overwhelmed with debt without the means of paying it. Rich in the materials of an extensive commerce, they found their ports crowded with foreign ships and themselves without the power to raise a revenue. Abounding in all the elements of national wealth, they wanted resources to defray the ordinary expenses of government.

For a moment, and to the hasty observer, the last effort for the establishment of freedom had failed. No fruit had sprung from the lavish expenditure of treasure and blood. We had changed the powerful protection of the mother country into a cold and jealous amity, if not into a slumbering hostility. The oppressive principles against which our fathers had struggled were succeeded by more oppressive realities. The burden of the British Navigation Act was, as operating on the colonies, removed; but it was followed by the impossibility of protecting our shipping by a navigation law of our own. A state of material prosperity, existing before the Revolution, was succeeded by universal exhaustion; and a high and indignant tone of militant patriotism by universal despondency.

It remained, then, to give its last great effect to

all that had been done since the discovery of America for the establishment of the cause of liberty in the western hemisphere, and, by another more deliberate effort, to organize a government by which not only the present evils under which the country was suffering should be remedied, but the final design of Providence should be fulfilled. Such was the task which devolved on the statesmen who convened at Philadelphia on the second day of May, 1787, of whom General Washington was elected president, and over whose debates your townsman, Mr. Gorham, presided for two or three months as Chairman of the Committee of the Whole during the discussion of the plan of the Federal Constitution.

The very first step to be taken was one of pain and regret. The old Confederation was to be given up. What misgivings and grief must not this preliminary sacrifice have occasioned to the patriotic members of the convention ! They were attached, and with reason, to its simple majesty. It was weak then, but it had been strong enough to carry the colonies through the storms of the Revolution. Some of the great men who led up to the forlorn hope of their country in the hour of her direst peril had died in its defence. Could not a little inefficiency be pardoned to a Union with which France had made an alliance and England had made peace ? Could the proposed new

government do more or better things than this had done? Who could give assurance, when the flag of the old thirteen was struck, that the hearts of the people could be rallied to another banner?

Such were the misgivings of some of the great men of that day — the Henrys, the Gerrys, and other eminent anti-federalists, to whose scruples it is time that justice should be done. They were the sagacious misgivings of wise men, the just forebodings of brave men, who were determined not to defraud posterity of the blessings for which they had all suffered and for which some of them had fought.

The members of that convention, in going about the great work before them, deliberately laid aside the means by which all preceding legislators had aimed to accomplish a like work. In founding a strong and efficient government, adequate to the raising up of a powerful and prosperous people, their first step was to reject the institutions to which other governments traced their strength and prosperity, or had, at least, regarded as the necessary conditions of stability and order. The world had settled down into the belief that an hereditary monarch was necessary to give strength to the executive power. The framers of our Constitution provided for an elective chief magistrate, chosen every four years. Every other country had been betrayed into the admission of a distinction of

ranks in society, under the absurd impression that privileged orders are necessary to the permanence of the social system. The framers of our Constitution established everything on the pure natural basis of a uniform equality of the elective franchise, to be exercised by all the citizens at fixed and short intervals. In other countries, it had been thought necessary to constitute some one political centre, towards which all political power should tend, and at which, in the last resort, it should be exercised. The framers of the Constitution devised a scheme of confederate and representative sovereign republics, united in a happy distribution of powers, which, reserving to the separate States all the political functions essential to local administration and private justice, bestowed upon the general government those, and those only, required for the service of the whole.

Thus was completed the great revolutionary movement; thus was perfected that mature organization of a free system, destined, as we trust, to stand forever as the exemplar of popular government. Thus was discharged the duty of our fathers to themselves, to the country, and to the world.

The power of the example thus set up in the eyes of the nations was instantly and widely felt. It was immediately made visible to sagacious observers that a consitutional age had begun. It

was in the nature of things that where the former evil had existed in its most inveterate form the reaction should also be the most violent. Hence the dreadful excesses that marked the progress of the French Revolution, and, for a while, almost made the name of liberty odious. But it is not less in the nature of things that when the most indisputable and enviable political blessings stand illustrated before the world,—not merely in speculation and in theory, but in living practice and bright example,—the nations of the earth, in proportion as they have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and hands to grasp, should insist on imitating the example. France clung to the hope of constitutional liberty through thirty years of appalling tribulation, and now enjoys the freest constitution in Europe. Spain, Portugal, the two Italian kingdoms, and several of the German States have entered on the same path. Their progress has been and must be various ; modified by circumstances, by the interests and passions of governments and men, and, in some cases, seemingly arrested. But their march is as sure as fate. If we believe at all in the political revival of Europe, there can be no really retrograde movement in this cause ; and that which seems so in the revolutions of government is, like that of the heavenly bodies, a part of their eternal orbit.

There can be no retreat, for the great exemplar

must stand to convince the hesitating nations under every reverse that the reform they strive after is real, is practicable, is within their reach. Efforts at reform by the power of action and reaction may fluctuate; but there is an element of popular strength abroad in the world, stronger than forms and institutions, and daily growing in power. A public opinion of a new kind has arisen among men—the opinion of the civilized world. Springing into existence on the shores of our own continent, it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength; till now this mortal giant, like that of the ancient poet, marches along the earth and across the ocean, but his front is among the stars. The course of the day does not weary, nor the darkness of night arrest him. He grasps the pillars of the temple where Oppression sits enthroned, not groping and benighted, like the strong man of old, to be crushed himself beneath the fall; but trampling, in his strength, on the massy ruins.

Under the influence — I might almost say the unaided influence—of public opinion, formed and nourished by our example, three wonderful revolutions have broken out in a generation. That of France, not yet consummated, has left that country—which it found in a condition scarcely better than Turkey—in the possession of the blessings of a representative constitutional government. Another revolution has emancipated the American

possessions of Spain by an almost unassisted action of moral causes. Nothing but the strong sense of the age that a government like that of Ferdinand ought not to subsist over regions like those which stretch to the south of us on the continent could have sufficed to bring about their emancipation, against all the obstacles which the state of society among them opposes at present to regulate liberty and safe independence. When an eminent British statesman said of the emancipation of these States that "he had called into existence a new world in the West," he spoke as wisely as the artist who, having tipped the forks of a conductor with silver, should boast that he had created the lightning which it calls down from the clouds. But the greatest triumph of public opinion is the revolution of Greece. The spontaneous sense of the friends of liberty, at home and abroad,—without armies, without navies, without concert, and acting only through the simple channels of ordinary communication, principally the press,—has rallied the governments of Europe to this ancient and favored soil of freedom. Pledged to remain at peace, they have been driven by the force of public sentiment into the war. Leagued against the cause of revolution, as such, they have been compelled to send their armies and navies to fight the battles of revolt. Dignifying the barbarous oppressor of Christian Greece with the title of

"ancient and faithful ally," they have been constrained by the outraged feeling of the civilized world to burn up, in time of peace, the navy of their ally, with all his antiquity and all his fidelity, and to cast the broad shield of the Holy Alliance over a young and turbulent republic.

This bright prospect may be clouded in; the powers of Europe, which have reluctantly taken, may speedily abandon the field. Some inglorious composition may yet save the Ottoman Empire from dissolution, at the sacrifice of the liberty of Greece and the power of Europe. But such are not the indications of things. The prospect is fair that the political regeneration which commenced in the West is now going backward to resuscitate the once happy and long-deserted regions of the older world. The hope is not now chimerical that those lovely islands,—the flower of the Levant,—the shores of that renowned sea, around which all the associations of antiquity are concentrated, are again to be brought back to the sway of civilization and Christianity. Happily, the interest of the great powers of Europe seems to beckon them onward in the path of humanity. The half-deserted coasts of Syria and Egypt, the fertile but almost desolated Archipelago, the empty shores of Africa, the granary of ancient Rome, seem to offer themselves as a ready refuge for the crowded, starving, discontented millions of Western Europe. No nat-

ural nor political obstacle opposes itself to their occupation. France has long cast a wishful eye on Egypt. Napoleon derived the idea of his expedition, which was set down to the unchastened ambition of a revolutionary soldier, from a memoir found in the cabinet of Louis XVI. England has already laid her hand—an arbitrary, but a civilized and Christian hand—on Malta; and the Ionian Isles, and Cyprus, Rhodes, and Candia, must soon follow. It is not beyond the reach of hope that a representative republic may be established in Central Greece and the adjacent islands. In this way, and with the example of what has here been done, it is not too much to anticipate that many generations will not pass before the same benignant influence will revisit the awakened East, and thus fulfil, in the happiest sense, the vision of Columbus, by restoring a civilized population to the primitive seats of our holy faith.

Fellow-citizens, the eventful pages in the volume of human fortune are opening upon us with sublime rapidity of succession. It is two hundred years this summer since a few of that party who, in 1628, commenced in Salem the first settlement of Massachusetts, were sent by Governor Endicott to explore the spot where we stand. They found that one pioneer, of the name of Walford, had gone before them and had planted himself among the numerous and warlike savages in this quarter.

From them, the native lords of the soil, these first hardy adventurers derived their title to the lands on which they settled; and in some degree prepared the way, by the arts of civilization and peace, for the main body of the colonists of Massachusetts, under Governor Winthrop, who, two years afterwards, by a coincidence which you will think worth naming, arrived in Mystic River and pitched his patriarchal tent on Ten Hills upon the seventeenth day of June, 1630. Massachusetts at that moment consisted of six huts at Salem and one at this place. It seems but a span of time, as the mind ranges over it. A venerable individual is living at the seat of the first settlement whose life covers one half of the entire period: but what a destiny has been unfolded before our country!—what events have crowded your annals!—what scenes of thrilling interest and eternal glory have signalized the very spot where we stand!

In that unceasing march of things which calls forward the successive generations of men to perform their part on the stage of life, we at length are summoned to appear. Our fathers have passed their hour of visitation; how worthily, let the growth and prosperity of our happy land and the security of our firesides attest. Or, if this appeal be too weak to move us, let the eloquent silence of yonder famous heights—let the column which is there rising in simple majesty—recall

their venerable forms as they toiled in the hasty trenches through the dreary watches of that night of expectation, heaving up the sods, where many of them lay in peace and in honor before the following sun had set. The turn has come to us. The trial of adversity was theirs; the trial of prosperity is ours. Let us meet it as men who know their duty and prize their blessings. Our position is the most enviable, the most responsible, which men can fill. If this generation does its duty, the cause of constitutional freedom is safe. If we fail — if we fail, not only do we defraud our children of the inheritance which we received from our fathers, but we blast the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout our continent, throughout Europe, throughout the world, to the end of time.

History is not without her examples of hard-fought fields where the banner of liberty has floated triumphantly on the wildest storm of battle. She is without her examples of a people by whom the dear-bought treasure has been wisely employed and safely handed down. The eyes of the world are turned for that example to us. It is related by an ancient historian of that Brutus who slew Cæsar that he threw himself on his sword, after the disastrous battle of Philippi, with the bitter exclamation that he had followed virtue as a substance, but found it a name. It is not too much to say that there are, at this moment, noble spirits in

the elder world who are anxiously watching the practical operation of our institutions to learn whether liberty, as they have been told, is a mockery, a pretence, and a curse—or a blessing, for which it becomes them to brave the scaffold and the scimetar.

Let us then, as we assemble on the birthday of the nation, as we gather upon the green turf, once wet with precious blood, let us devote ourselves to the sacred cause of constitutional liberty. Let us abjure the interests and passions which divide the great family of American freemen. Let the rage of party spirit sleep to-day. Let us resolve that our children shall have cause to bless the memory of their fathers, as we have cause to bless the memory of ours.

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS

Sergeant Smith Prentiss was born in Maine in 1808. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1826, and in 1827 went to Natchez as a tutor. He was admitted to the bar in 1829, beginning practice at Vicksburg, where he speedily made a great reputation as a speaker. In 1835 Prentiss was elected to the Mississippi Legislature, and distinguished himself by several remarkable speeches. He entered Congress in 1837, and immediately took his place as one of the foremost orators of that body. In 1845, in consequence of the Act of Repudiation adopted by Mississippi, which he considered "disgraceful and degrading" to that State, Prentiss removed to New Orleans, where he died in 1850.

Prentiss was one of the most remarkable of American orators. He was dramatic in style of delivery and in diction, combining this with great logical power, subtle wit, and touching pathos. Before a large assemblage he felt as if inspired, and he spoke as one under inspiration. At the bar he was ready and adroit, and always complete master of his subject.

The best account of Prentiss is to be found in the memoir by his brother, Rev. George L. Prentiss (2 vols., New York, 1855, new ed. 1870).

ADDRESS TO RETURNED VOLUNTEERS OF THE MEXICAN WAR

Prentiss.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. Prentiss at a public reception to some of the volunteers who were returning from General Taylor's army. The reception was held at New Orleans in June, 1847, and was a brilliant affair. Prentiss disapproved of the Mexican War, believing it to be an act of wanton aggression on the part of the United States, but his patriotism, once the war had become inevitable, rose superior to his judgment. On this occasion he attained a height of eloquence which has rarely been surpassed; and if his diction was at times inclined to turgidity, it must be remembered that this was the fashion of the day.

BRAVE volunteers: The people of New Orleans, filled with admiration for the patriotic and heroic achievements of our citizen soldiers, are desirous of expressing the sentiments of joy, pride, and affection with which they hail their return to the arms of a grateful country. I am their honored organ on the occasion; and most warmly do I sympathize with their feelings and participate in their wishes.

Welcome, then, gallant volunteers! ye war-worn soldiers, welcome home! The heart of Louisiana warms towards you. Welcome, thrice welcome, from your glorious battle-fields! In the

name of the citizens of New Orleans, I greet and embrace you all.

No longer do you tread upon a hostile shore, or gaze upon foreign skies. Useless now are your sharp swords and unerring rifles. No lurking foe waylays you in the impenetrable chaparral or among the gloomy gorges of the mountain. Henceforth your path will be ambushed only by friends. You will find them more difficult than the enemy to quell. They will pour upon you volleys of grape as you pass — not the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly on the hillsides of Monterey or among the ravines of Buena Vista, and whose juice was the red blood, but the grape which comes from the battery of the banquet!

A year has not elapsed since I saw most of you bivouacked on the old battle-field below the city, drawing inspiration from its mighty memories, and dreaming, perchance, of those great achievements which you were so soon to accomplish. Since then you have passed through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life,— the camp, the march, the battle, and the victory. You have played your parts nobly. You have gone far beyond your own promises or the country's expectations. You have borne without a murmur the ordinary hardships of military life,— hunger, fatigue, and exposure. You blenched not when death came

in the sad shape of disease and struck down your comrades around you ; you submitted cheerfully to discipline, and converted the raw material of individual bravery into the terrible, irresistible power of combined courage. But it was upon legitimate battle-fields you gathered those unfading laurels upon which your countrymen will ever gaze, as they do now, with grateful pride.

Our little army of regulars, as they well deserved to do, had already plucked the first-fruits of the war. On the victorious fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma they sustained their own high character and nobly illustrated American skill and valor. They scourged the enemy from the Rio Grande ; and then, reinforced by the volunteers, who flocked to their country's standard, their great captain meditated the conquest of the stronghold of Monterey. There, like an eagle on his eyrie, stood the mountain king. Thither the eyes of the nation turned in eager expectation. All hearts palpitated for the result. Now was our national prowess to be tested — now we were to ascertain whether we could cast back into the teeth of European generals and European diplomatists the taunts which they had heaped upon our citizen soldiers. They had told us that our Republic was weak, notwithstanding its great population and unbounded resources. They said we had no military strength ; that our army and

navy, though skilful and brave, were but a cypher compared with the mighty armaments of the Old World ; that our unpractised citizens could never make efficient soldiers. Soon came the ever-glorious storming of the mountain fastness, and the problem was solved. The nation's heart beat free ; and joy for the present, confidence in the future, pervaded the land. Indeed, it was a great and glorious achievement, and in its moral effect, both at home and abroad, perhaps the most important of the war. It gave the country complete confidence in the volunteers — the volunteers full reliance upon themselves. From that day forth they became veterans. Time will not permit me to recite the vivid and heart-stirring incidents of that memorable and wonderful conflict. On one side of the city the regulars fought, as they always do, with skill, with bravery, and success ; they did all that was expected of them — their previous reputation rendered it impossible to do more. On the other side the volunteers drew their maiden swords. Never before had they experienced a grasp stronger than that of friendship ; now they stretched their hands and grappled with death. On, on pressed these unfledged warriors — these men of civil life, these citizen soldiers ; their bright blades flashed before them like tongues of flame. Up the hillside, through the streets swept by the raking cannon, over barricade and battery,

their advancing banners, streaming like thunder-clouds against the wind, rustled in the battle breeze like the pinions of an eagle pouncing on his quarry. All know the glorious result. The enemy, though he fought bravely for his firesides and his altars and in the midst of his supposed impregnable defences, shrank from such fiery valor. The day was ours; and the Republic acknowledges its debt of gratitude to the gallant volunteers.

Welcome, then, thrice welcome, victors of Monterey!

But the fortune of the war determined that your conduct and valor should be tested upon a yet bloodier field. At Buena Vista you met face to face the genius of the battle, even as he appeared to the Warrior Bard —

> "Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
> His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
> With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands
> And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon —
> Restless it rolls — now fixed — and now anon
> Flashing afar; and at his iron feet
> Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done."

Under that hot gaze, in the fierce conflict where desperate courage was put to its utmost proof, all fame unites in saying that you covered yourselves with immortal honor. In a pitched battle against brave and veteran troops, outnumbering you four to one, during two days you made successful con-

test — you stood a living dyke, and again and again poured upon you in vain the fiery torrent. "'T were worth ten years of peaceful life" to have witnessed you repulsing the audacious squadrons of the enemy, as, with pennons flying and serried lances, they came thundering upon your unflinching ranks. Often in the changing currents of the moody fight, when the fortune of the day, rent from our standard, fluttered like torn canvas in the gale, you seized and fastened it back in its proper place. But we should do injustice did we not remember on this occasion those glorious comrades without whose coöperation your valor would have proved in vain — I mean the artillery, those true sons of thunder, who on that day seemed to scorn to use Jove's counterfeits, and hurled his genuine bolts! Never were cannon served with greater coolness or more fatal precision. At each discharge, whole columns were cut down —

> "Even as they fell, in files they lay,
> Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
> When his work is done on the level plain."

Honor, then, to your brave comrades! We wish they were here to share your welcome, heroes of Buena Vista.

But still you have another claim upon our regard, — the love and confidence of your general. To have your names associated with his is itself renown. He has achieved a world-wide fame.

The whole nation looks upon him with admiration and affection, and twenty millions of people love and confide in him, and right well does the brave old man deserve these great honors. A true patriot, he has never obtruded himself upon his country; when his services were needed, then he rendered them. The nation knew not the treasure it possessed until the emergencies of the last year developed it. Now we know we have that gift of a century,—a general, cool, sagacious, prudent, brave, and humane; capacious in resources, simple in habits, modest in manners, and, above all, possessed of the rare capacity of infusing into those around him his own indomitable courage and determination. These are the qualities which have rendered General Taylor and his armies invincible. They are of the true old Roman sort—such as might have belonged to a consul in the best days of the Ancient Republic. It is no small honor to have fought under the eye and received the commendation of such a soldier. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, companions of the great captain in those wonderful engagements whose rapidity and brilliancy have astonished the world! Gentlemen, you have before you a proud and happy destiny. Yours have been no mercenary services. Prompted by patrictism alone, you went forth to fight the battles of your country. You now voluntarily return to the pursuits of civil

life. Presently you will be engaged in your ancient occupations. But you will not be without the meet reward of patriotic service. Your neighbors will regard you with respect and affection. Your children will feel proud whenever they hear mention made of Monterey and Buena Vista, and a grateful nation has already inscribed your names upon its annals. Indeed, it is a noble sight, worthy of the Genius of this great Republic, to behold, at the call of the country, whole armies leap forth in battle array, and then, when their services are no longer needed, fall quietly back and commingle again with the communities from whence they came. Thus the dark thunder-cloud, at Nature's summons, marshalls its black battalions and lowers on the horizon; but at length, its lightning spent, its dread artillery silenced, its mission finished, disbanding its frowning ranks, it melts away into the blue ether, and the next morning you will find it glittering in the dew-drops among the flowers, or assisting, with its kindly moisture, the growth of the young and tender plants.

Great and happy country, where every citizen can be at once turned into an effective soldier, every soldier converted forthwith into a peaceful citizen!

Our regular troops are unsurpassed for skill and courage. Led by their gallant and accomplished officers, they are invincible. All that science and

valor can do they have achieved. At Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo they have plucked new laurels worthy to be entwined among those gathered on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

But it is their business to be brave ; it is their profession to fight. We honor the army ; but we look upon our citizen soldiers with a different and peculiar pride. They are part and parcel of ourselves. They have taught us the secret of our vast strength. We now know the mighty nerve and muscle of the Republic. We evoke armies as if by magic, rapidly as they came forth from the sowing of the dragon's teeth ; at a nod, they disappear, as though the earth had swallowed them up. But they are not gone. You will find them in the forest, in the field, in the workshop, in the chambers of the sick, at the bar, in the councils of the country. They have returned to their old professions and pursuits. Let but the trumpet sound, and again they spring up, a crop of armed men. Proudly do we tell the world that we have, whenever occasion calls, two millions of warriors like those who stormed at Monterey and conquered at Buena Vista. Welcome, then, citizen soldiers ! Welcome, soldier citizens !

But, alas ! the joy of our meeting is mingled with sorrow. We gaze upon your thinned ranks, and seek in vain for many beloved and familiar faces. Why come they not from the battle-field ?

Why meet they not the embraces of their loving friends? A year ago I saw them march forth beneath their country's banner, full of lusty life, of buoyant hearts, and noble emulation. Where are they now? Where is brave McKee, impetuous Yell, intrepid Hardin, chivalrous Clay, and gallant Watson, with hundreds of their noble comrades, whom we meet not here? Ah! I see it all—your laurel wreaths are thickly entwined with cypress—the dead cannot come to the banquet! Alas, alas, for the noble dead! If we cannot welcome, we will weep for them. Our tears fall fast and free; but they flow rather for the living than the dead; for the nation that has lost such worthy sons; for the desolate firesides, bereaved of their cherished and loved ones; for the bowed father, the heart-broken mother, the sobbing sister, the frantic wife, and the wondering children. For them we weep, but not for the heroic dead. We envy their fate. Gloriously did they die, those who rendered up their souls in battle. They fulfilled the highest duty mankind owes to this world: they died for their country. They fell upon stricken fields, which their own valor had already half won. The earthquake voice of victory was in their ears, and their dying gaze was turned proudly upon the triumphant Stars and Stripes. Honor, eternal honor, to the brave who baptized their patriotism in their blood!

But there are others who equally claim a place in our sad remembrance. I mean those who died from disease; whose fiery hearts were extinguished in the dull camp or on the gloomy march. It is easy to die in battle. The spirit is stirred to a courageous madness by the rushing squadrons, the roaring cannon, and the clashing steel. All the fierce instincts of our nature are aroused, and the soldier seeks for death as the bridegroom seeks his bride. Besides

> "Fame is there to tell who bleeds,
> And Honor's eye on daring deeds."

But to waste away with sickness — to be crushed by the blows of an unseen enemy, with whom you cannot grapple; to know death is approaching slowly but surely; to feel that your name will occupy no place on the bright scroll of fame — thus, without any of the pride and rapture of the strife, to meet bravely the inevitable tyrant is the highest test of the soldier's courage, the strongest proof of the patriot's devotion. Honor, then, immortal honor, to the brave who fell, not on the battle-field, but before the shafts of disease!

Gallant gentlemen, you will soon leave us for your respective homes. Everywhere fond and grateful hearts await you. You will have to run the gauntlet of friendship and affection. The bonfires are already kindling upon the hills. In every grove and pleasant arbor the feast is spread.

Thousands of sparkling eyes are watching eagerly for your return. Tears will fill them when they seek in vain among your thinned ranks for many a loved and familiar face; but through those tears will shine the smiles of joy and welcome, even as the rays of the morning sun glitter through the dew-drops which the sad night hath wept.

Again, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, I bid you welcome. When you leave us, you will carry with you our admiration, our gratitude, and our affection.

RUFUS CHOATE

Rufus Choate was born in Essex, Massachusetts, in 1799. He was a very precocious boy, displaying great fondness for reading and power of memory of that which he read. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1819, delivering the valedictory, and leaving behind him the reputation of a remarkable classical student. In 1823 he was called to the bar, practising first at Danvers. He removed to Salem in 1828, and was elected to Congress in 1830. In 1832 he was reëlected, but resigned in 1834, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In 1841 Choate was chosen as Webster's successor in the Senate, when the latter was appointed Secretary of State. While Senator, Choate distinguished himself by many brilliant speeches; but upon Webster's return to the Senate Mr. Choate again, and this time finally, retired from active political life. His health failed him in 1859, and during that year he started on a trip to Europe, but was forced to abandon it at Halifax, where he died a few days after landing.

Choate has been compared to Lord Erskine as a forensic orator, but there was little resemblance save in ability. Choate's style was pleasant and graceful, and he revelled in quaint and humorous touches. He had a splendid memory, and hence his vocabulary and command of quotations were great. He was at home alike in light humor or high thought, and was equally great before bar, Senate, or people.

Choate's writings, with a memoir, were published in two volumes in 1862.

THE DEATH OF WEBSTER

Choate.

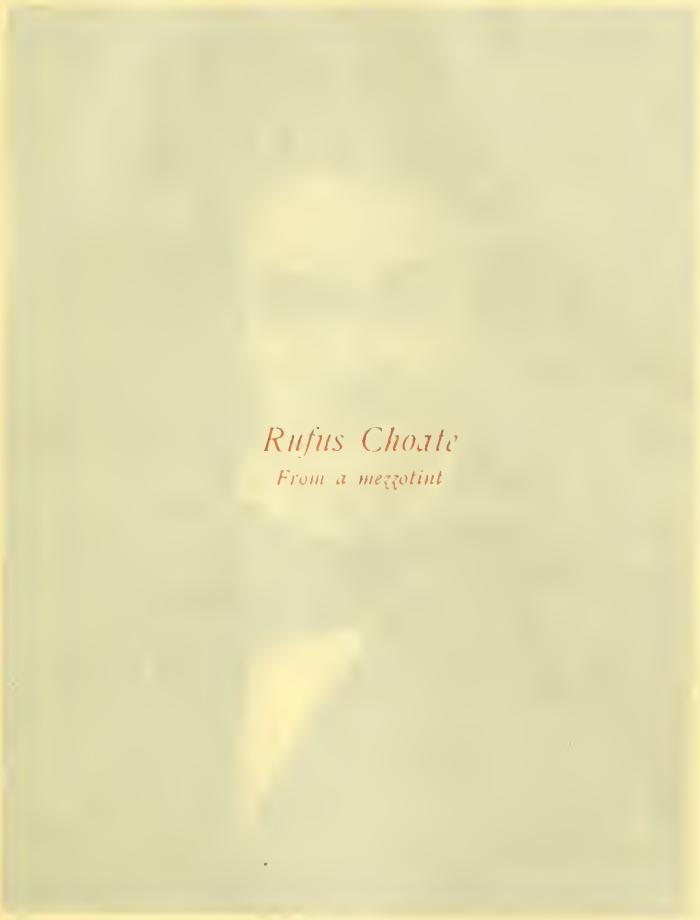
On the day following that on which Daniel Webster died, the members of the bar of Suffolk appointed a committee to draft a series of appropriate resolutions. Four days afterward, these were adopted, and they were immediately presented to the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts. They were read in the court-room, after which Mr. Choate made the following address. This will be found an admirable example of Choate's best style, possessing in an eminent degree that dignity of diction which marked his finest speeches.

MAY it please your Honors: I have been requested by the members of the bar of this Court to add a few words to the resolutions just read, in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and countryman, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of bereavement—to the country as to his friends—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness,—the filial and the patriotic pride and fondness,—with which they cherish, and would consign to history to cherish, the memory of a great and good man.

And yet I could earnestly have desired to be

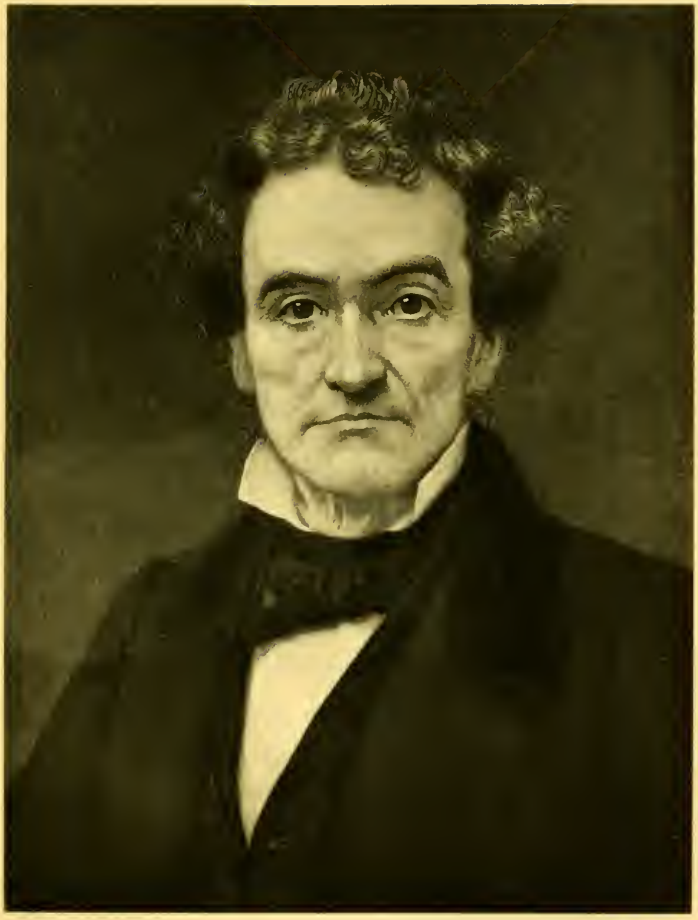
excused from this duty. He must have known Mr. Webster less, and loved him less, than your Honors or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet —quite yet,—before we can comprehend that we have lost him forever, — before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks has passed away,—before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well, till the heavens be no more,—he must have known and loved him less than we have done, who can come here quite yet to recount the series of his service, to display with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind, to ponder and speculate on the secrets— on the marvellous secrets—and source of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action, nor aught in any degree resembling it, among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ, it may promote a calmer mood to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial.

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this bar to learn from me, here and now, of him? The year and the day of his birth; that birthplace on the frontier, yet bleak and waste; the well of which his childhood drank, dug by that father of whom he has said that "through the fire and blood of seven years of revolutionary war he shrank from no



Rufus Choate

From a mezzotint



danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own" ; the elm-tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen ; that training of the giant infancy on catechism and Bible, and Watts's version of the Psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth, and Fort William Henry, and the Revolution, and the age of Washington and Franklin, on the banks of the Merrimack, flowing sometimes in flood and anger from its secret springs in the crystal hills ; the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan ; the village library ; the dawning of the love and ambition of letters ; the few months at Exeter and Boscawen ; the life of college ; the probationary season of school-teaching ; the clerkship in the Fryeburg Registry of Deeds ; his admission to the bar, presided over by judges like Smith, illustrated by practisers such as Mason, where, by the studies, in the contentions, of nine years he laid the foundation of the professional mind ; his irresistible attraction to public life ; the Oration on Commerce ; the Rockingham resolutions ; his first term of four years' service in Congress, when, by one bound, he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen ; his removal to this State ; and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the

bar by universal acclaim, bearing him to the leadership of public life,— last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired ?—all these things, to their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, and his countrymen have him all by heart !

There is, then, nothing to tell you, — nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends — one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall,— "I dare not come here and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history, one who holds such a place in the hearts, of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them," — a half hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds on high places !

But although the time does not require anything elaborated and adequate,—forbids it, rather,— some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first and to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a twofold eminence — eminence of the very highest rank — in a twofold field of intellectual and public display,—the profession of the law and the profession of statesmanship,—of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was, by universal designation, the leader of the general American bar ; and that he was, also, by an equally universal designation, foremost of her statesmen living at his death ; inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately, and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation. Consider that his single career at the bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties, without repose, for a lifetime ; and that, if then and thus the "*infinitus forensium rerum labor*" should have conducted him to a mere professional reward — a bench of chancery or law, the crown of the first of advocates, *jurisperitorum eloquentissimus,* to the pure and mere honors of a great magistrate, — that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half, if I may say so, of his illustrious reputation — how long

the labor to win it, how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the Common Law, in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason; and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallel series of statutory enactments, its modes of reasoning, and the evidence of its truths, he grasped easily and completely; and I have myself heard him say that for many years, while still at that bar, he tried more causes and argued more questions of fact to the jury than perhaps any other member of the profession anywhere. I have heard from others how, even then, he exemplified the same direct, clear, and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to proofs, as well as the same marvellous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact, by which he was later more widely celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this State, began the second epoch of his professional training, conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practice of the more flexible, elegant, and scientific jurisprudence of commerce and of chancery, and to the grander and

less fettered investigations of international, prize, and constitutional law, and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence, with more variety of competition, although he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, how many years ago, to stand, *omnium assensu,* at the summit of the American bar.

It is common and it is easy, in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers here and there as possessing some special qualification or attainment more remarkably, perhaps because more exclusively,—to say of one that he has more cases in his recollection at any given moment, or that he was earlier grounded in equity, or has gathered more black-letter or Civil Law, or knowledge of Spanish or of Western titles,—and these comparisons are sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law, required by the controversy, in season for use; who could most skilfully encounter the opposing law; under whose power of analysis, persuasion, and display, the asserted right would assume the most probable aspect before the intelligence of the judge; who,

if the inquiry became blended with or resolved into fact, could most completely develop and most irresistibly expose them; one "the law's whole thunder born to wield,"—when you sought such a counsel and could have the choice, I think the universal profession would have turned to him. And this would be so in nearly every description of cause, in any department. Some able men wield civil inquiries with a peculiar ability; some, criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he elucidated a question of property you all know. But then, with what address, feeling, pathos, and prudence he defended — with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatorio spiritu,* he prosecuted—those accused of crime, whom he believed to have been guilty, few have seen; but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are, some Alpine eminences rising above the high table-land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day, for an instance, when he first announced, with decisive display, what manner of man he was to the Supreme Court of the nation. It was in 1818, and it was in the argument of the case of Dartmouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisition in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the counsellor,

and the eloquent orator," was in his grave. The boundless old-school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones; the fervid genius of Emmett pouring itself along *immenso ore;* the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson; the steel point, unseen, not unfelt, beneath the foliage—Harper himself, statesman as well as lawyer; —these, and such as these, were left of that noble bar. That day Mr. Webster opened the cause of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene, when, after a masterly argument of the law, carrying, as we may have known, conviction to the general mind of the Court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime his place in that forum, he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone, and manner, with these words, on his peroration: "I have brought my Alma Mater to this presence, that, if she must fall, she may fall in her robes and with dignity"; and then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that, in its progress, Marshall —the intellectual, the self-controlled, the unemotional—announced, visibly, the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd on us, in other

competition, with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, though not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere, in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But, when you consider that, side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation —that of the first American statesman ; that, for thirty-three years, and those embracing his most herculean works at the bar, he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest of the executive departments, in the conduct of the largest national affairs, in the treatment of the largest national questions, in debate with the highest abilities of American public life, conducting diplomatic intercourse in delicate relations with all manner of foreign powers, investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of the law, and resting on principles totally distinct; and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man ; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hopes of civilization, and America to feel surer of her glory and her safety as his great arm enfolded her, — you see how rare, how solitary, almost, was the actual greatness! Who,

anywhere, has won, as he had, the double fame, and worn the double wreath of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended and transcendent superiority ?

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the services of his public life at such a moment as this ; and it is needless. That life comprised a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performance, of which I may say, generally, it was all which the first abilities of the country and time, employed with unexampled toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism, in the highest places of the State, in the fear of God, in the presence of nations, could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the war of 1812 had begun, and, though probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity, in his private character, and objecting in his public character to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the Administration, he never breathed a sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind, to aid or comfort the enemy, to check or chill the stirrings of that new, passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of States.

With the peace of 1815 his more cherished public

labors began ; and thenceforward he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth, the energies of his maturest manhood, the autumnal wisdom of the ripened year—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy ; of preserving the peace, keeping the honor, establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country ; restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep ; in upholding public credit ; in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry ; in developing our uncounted material resources —giving the lake and river to trade, — and vindicating and interpreting the Constitution and the law. On all these subjects—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them — he has inscribed his opinions and left traces of his hand. Everywhere the philosophical and patriot statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way, sounding the abyss. His weighty language, his sagacious warnings, his great maxims of empire will be raised to view and live to be deciphered when the final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed.

In this connection I cannot but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or, at least, with every historical epoch, with every policy, with

every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown ; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war ; to the opening and march and close of the revolutionary drama ; to the age of the Constitution ; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson ; to the whole train of causes, from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be republicans ; to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists ; look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected ; look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common harmony,—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life ; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word, spoken or written ; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses," our incircling ocean, the Rock of the Pilgrims, our new-born sister of the Pacific, our popular assemblies, our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education,

and of the influence of religion, and material policy, and the law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on, what subject of American interest will you study, what source of hope or anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that does not recall him ?

I shall not venture in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others, in variety or degree, of the living or the dead ; or even to attempt to appreciate exactly and in reference to canons of art his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred—one might have thought incompatible — forms of public speech : that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury ; of the halls of legislation ; and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider, further, that this multifold eloquence, exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense, solid, attractive, and rich, and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display and every effort in every form,—

that union of naked intellect, in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand, by intuition or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable, or credible to another, with an emotional and moral nature profound, passionate, and ready to kindle, and with an imagination enough to supply a hundred-fold more of illustration and aggrandizement than his taste suffered him to accept ; that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart, which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than mere genius ; the style, not merely pure, clear Saxon, but so constructed, so numerous as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities ; the words so choice ; the epithet so pictured ; the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and specious resemblance that human wit can devise ; the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle,— political, ethical, legal, — as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alexander Hamilton's, of their subjects ; yet that depth and that completeness of sense made transparent as through crystal waters, all embodied in harmonious or well composed periods, raised on winged language, vivified, fused, and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid and incapable to be withstood ; recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the

presence of the intellectual king of men, — recall him thus, and, in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well "rejoice that we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence, and been instructed by his wisdom."

I cannot leave the subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left, or the larger portion of all, is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes,—a library of reason and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero's,—but they are volumes of speeches only, or mainly ; and yet who does not rank him as a great American author—an author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country as any other of our authors professedly so denominated ? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches—great speeches—in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true, so much the eloquence of reason at last, so strikingly always they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles, ascending easily to widest generalizations ; so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward

the perusal of students; so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once, and forever, among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true, even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention has escaped him: nothing of the ancient or modern jurisprudence; nothing which Greek or Roman or European speculation in that walk has explored, or Greek or Roman or European or universal history or public biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spake, at an interview to which he admitted me while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the mighty mind which, as he said, seemed to have "thought through" so many of the great problems which form the discipline of social man. American history and American political literature he had by heart,—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government; that other series of influences which moulded us into a united government; the colonial era; the age of controversy before the Revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every

question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them,— the whole stream of our time was open, clear, and present ever to the eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals; and I think the love of reading would have gone with him to a later and riper age, if to such an age it had been the will of God to preserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Virgil, Shakespeare — whom he knew familiarly as the Constitution,— Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson — to whom I hope it is not pedantic or fanciful to say I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and refuting a sophism copiously and promptly occurring to him; the same kindness of heart and wealth of sensibilty, under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant, imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivacity, and attraction to a powerful, correct, and weighty style of prose.

I cannot leave this life and character without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or felicities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining. There is an influence of a great man derived from things indescribable almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it, but through which his spirit transpires and his individuality goes forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one grand tendency of his life and character was to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example. He did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion with that public mind. He evinced his love of the people not so much by honeyed phrases as by good counsels and useful services, *vera pro gratis*. He showed how he appreciated them by submitting sound arguments to their understandings, and right motives to their free will. He came before them less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, an educational, social, and governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy, and great.

What the greatest of the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him : "He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able and dared, on the strength of his high character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts, and opinions, that it was, in an extraordinary degree, uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw, with vision as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end, a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen, were ours ; and, therefore, he addressed himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the Rock of Plymouth, he bade distant generations hail, and saw them rising, "demanding life, impatient for the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses" ; from the shore of the great, tranquil sea, not yet become ours. But, observe to what he welcomes them — by what he would bless them. It is to "good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to "the sweets of domestic life, the immeas-

urable good of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy if the wisdom and temper of his administration of our foreign affairs shall preside in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all the past, he yet gathered from the study and comparison of all the eras that there is a silent progress of the race— without pause, without haste, without return— to which the counsellings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as, that of any of our public characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an Old World, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy ; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned, also, what part it is,— peculiar, distant, distinct, and grand as our hemisphere ; an influence, not a contact,— the stage, the drama, the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own,— and if ever he felt himself at a loss, he consulted, reverently, the genius of Washington.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion — for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak of them — I shall not be misunderstood, or give offence, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine, rather, of his

political creed, may be remembered and be appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great master of Latin eloquence and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the State,— "ut, quæcunque agunt, totum corpus reipublicæ curent, nudum partem aliquam tuentur, reliquas deserant": "that they comprise in their care the whole body of the Republic, nor keep one part and desert another." He gives the reason — one reason — of the precept, "qui autem parti civium consultunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt, seditionem atque discordiam": "The patriotism which embraces less than the whole, induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the State."

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth; with what persistency, with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it; how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame of this locality or that, in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America,—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of men, this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior — the fisherman on the deck of the nigh night-foundered skiff — the sailor on the uttermost sea

— will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care is withdrawn from him for a space, and that his pathway henceforward is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I cannot pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke, one has employed an image and an idea which I venture to modify and appropriate :

"The Northmen's image of death is finer than that of other climes ; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure that envelops men within the massive folds of its dark garment. Webster seems so enshrouded from us, as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series,— the greatest closing the procession. The robe draws round him, and the era is past."

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide,— the recorded wisdom, the great example, the assured immortality !

They speak of monuments !

> " Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;
> No pyramids set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness ;
> To which I leave him."

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN

Judah P. Benjamin was born at St. Croix, in the West Indies, in 1811. His parents were English Jews, who had sailed for the United States, but had been compelled to land at St. Croix on account of the blockade of the Mississippi by the English fleet. Benjamin's boyhood was passed in Wilmington, N. C. In 1825 he entered Yale, but left before taking a degree. In 1832 he was admitted to the bar of New Orleans, and achieved great success. After filling various minor political offices, he was, in 1852, chosen as United States Senator. He was reëlected in 1857, but withdrew with the other Southern Senators in 1861. He filled the offices of Attorney-General and Secretary of State for the Confederacy, and was considered the ablest man in the Cabinet. At the close of the war he made his escape, and proceeded to England, where he began the study of English law. He studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1866, being fifty-five years of age. He attained distinguished success in his new field, and in 1872 was made Queen's Counsel. Towards the close of his career he confined his practice entirely to cases before the House of Lords or the Privy Council. On his retirement from practice in 1883 a great banquet was given in his honor. He died in Paris in 1884.

Benjamin's style as a speaker was adapted to the circumstances of the speech. As a public orator, his diction was polished and graceful, often rising to heights of poetry ; as a lawyer, his reasoning was remarkably clear and concise, winning close attention from bench or jury.

Benjamin's most noted work is the *Treatise on the Law of Sale of Personal Property* (3d ed., London, 1883), which is the standard authority on this subject in England. For sketch of his life, see Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*.

VIRTUE THE CORNER-STONE OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

Benjamin.

The following speech is an excellent example of Mr. Benjamin's finest style. A master of easy, fluent English, he was at his best when in philosophical discourse, his rounded periods and sequent thought eminently fitting him for this department of oratory. Prominent as he was as a lawyer, as an occasional orator he was yet more celebrated, and it is in this manner that he is best remembered in his native State.

ONE of the most eminent philosophers of modern times, who had made the science of government his peculiar study, after investigating what were the principles essential to every mode of government known to man, has announced the great result that virtue was the very foundation, the corner-stone of republican governments ; that by virtue alone could republican institutions flourish and maintain their strength ; that in its absence they would wither and perish. Therefore it was that the enlightenment of the people by an extended system of moral education, their instruction in all those great elemental truths which elevate the mind and purify the heart of man, which,

in a word, render him capable of self-government, were objects of the most anxious solicitude of our ancestors; and the Father of his Country, in that farewell address which has become the manual of every American citizen, when bestowing the last counsels of a heart glowing with the purest and most fervent love of country that ever warmed a patriot's breast, urged upon his countrymen the vital necessity of providing for the education of the people, in language which cannot be too often repeated: "It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Recreant indeed should we prove to the duty we owe to our country, unworthy indeed should we be of the glorious heritage of our fathers, if the counsels of Washington fell disregarded on our ears.

But if that great man had so decided a conviction of the absolute necessity of diffusing intelligence amongst the people in his day, how

unspeakably urgent has that necessity become in ours! In the first attempts then made to organize our institutions on republican principles, the most careful and guarded measures were adopted in order to confine the powers of the government to the hands of those whose virtue and intelligence best fitted them for the exercise of such exalted duties. The population of the country was sparse; the men then living had witnessed the Revolution that secured our independence; its din was still ringing in their ears; they had purchased liberty with blood, and dearly did they cherish, and watchfully did they guard, the costly treasure; the noblest band of patriots that ever wielded sword or pen in Freedom's holy cause were still amongst them, shining lights, guiding by their example and instructing by their counsels, to which eminent public services gave added weight. Now, alas! the latest survivor of that noble band has passed away. Their light has ceased to shine on our path. The population that then scarce reached three millions now numbers twenty; and the steady and irresistible march of public opinion, constantly operating in the infusion of a greater and still greater proportion of the popular element into our institutions, has at length reached the point beyond which it can no farther go; and from the utmost limits of the frozen North to the sunny clime of Louisiana, from the shores washed

by the stormy Atlantic to the extreme verge of the flowery prairies of the Far West, there scarce breathes an American citizen who is not, in the fullest and broadest acceptation of the word, one of the rulers of his country. Imagination shrinks from the contemplation of the mighty power for weal or for woe possessed by these vast masses of men. If swayed by impulse, passion, or prejudice to do wrong, no mind can conceive, no pen portray, the scenes of misery and desolation that must ensue. But if elevated and purified by the beneficent influence of our free public education, if taught from infancy the lessons of patriotism and devotion to their country's good, if so instructed as to be able to appreciate and to spurn the counsels of those who in every age have been ready to flatter man's worst passions and to pander to his most degraded appetites for purposes of self-aggrandizement — if, in a word, trained in the school and imbued with the principles of our Washington, the most extravagant visions of fancy must fall short of picturing the vivid colors of the future that is open before us. The page of history will furnish no parallel to our grandeur; and the great Republic of the Western World, extending the blessings of freedom in this hemisphere and acting by its example in the other, will reach the proudest pinnacle of power and of greatness to which human efforts can aspire. And

for the attainment of this auspicious result, how simple yet how mighty the engine which alone is required! — a universal diffusion of intelligence amongst the people by a bounteous system of free public education.

It has been said by the enemies of popular government that its very theory is false — that it proceeds on the assumption that the greater number ought to govern; and the records of history, and the common experience of mankind, are appealed to in support of the fact that the intelligence and capacity required for government are confined to a small minority; that only a fraction of this minority are possessed of a leisure or inclination for the study and reflection which are indispensable for the mastery of the important questions on which the prosperity and happiness of a country must depend; and that those men best qualified to be the leaders and guides of their countrymen in the administration of the government have the smallest chances of success for the suffrages of the people, by reason of the secluded habits engendered by application to the very studies required to qualify them for the proper discharge of public duties. Those who are attached to free institutions can furnish but one reply to these arguments: the premises on which they rest must be destroyed; the foundation of fact must be swept away, and the majority, nay, the whole mass of the people

must be furnished with that degree of instruction which is required for enabling them to appreciate the advantages which flow from a judicious selection of their public servants and to distinguish and reward that true merit which is always unobtrusive. Nor is this an Utopian idea; if not easy of attainment, the object is at least practicable with the means that a kind Providence has supplied for us. The most sanguine advocates for public schools cannot, nor do they, pretend that each scholar is to become a politician or a statesman, any more than it would be practicable or desirable to make of each an astronomer or a chemist. But in the same manner as it would be useful to instruct all in the general outlines and striking facts of those sciences, it will not be found difficult to give to the youth of America such instruction in the general outlines and main principles of our government as would enable them to discriminate between the artful demagogue or the shallow pretender and the man whose true merit should inspire their confidence and respect. This alone would suffice for all purposes connected with the stability and prosperity of our country and its institutions; for not even the staunchest opponent of free government pretends that the mass of the people are swayed by improper motives, that their impulses are wrong, but only that their ignorance exposes them to be misled by the designing.

The same eminent philosopher to whom I have already alluded, Montesquieu, after establishing the principle that virtue is the mainspring of democracies, alludes to this very subject of the education of the people in free governments, and remarks that it is especially for the preservation of such governments that education is indispensable. He defines what he means by virtue in the people, and declares it to be the love of our country and its laws; the love of country which requires a constant preference of public interest to that of the individual, and which, to use his own language, is peculiarly affected to republics. "In them," says he, "the government is confided to all the citizens. Now, government is like all other earthly things: to be preserved, it must be cherished. Who ever heard of a king that did not love monarchy, or a despot who detested absolute power? Everything, then, depends on establishing this love of country, and it is to this end that education in republics ought specially to be directed." If this distinguished writer be correct in these remarks—and who can gainsay them?—how boundless the field for instruction and meditation which they afford! How is a love of country—that love of country on which our existence as a nation depends—to be preserved, cherished, and made within us a living principle, guiding and directing our actions? Love of country is not a mere brute instinct, binding us

by a blind and unreflecting attachment to the soil, to the earth and rocks and streams that surrounded us at our birth. It is the offspring of early associations, springing up at the period when the infant perceptions are first awakened by the Creator to the beauteous works of His power which surround us, sustained and cherished by the memory of all the warm affections that glow in the morning of life. The reminiscences of our childish joys and cares, of the ties of family and of home, all rush back on the mind in maturer years with irresistible force, and cling to us even in our dying hour. England's noble bard never clothed a more beautiful thought in more poetic language than when he depicted the images that crowded into the memory of the gladiator dying in the arena of Rome :

> "He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother."

But although these feelings are natural to man in all climes and ages, how intensely are they felt, how deeply do they become rooted in the hearts of those who, in addition to the early associations peculiar to each, are knit together in one common bond of brotherhood by the recollection of the great and noble deeds of those who have lived before them in the land ; who can point to records of historic lore and show names of their country

and her sons inscribed upon the brightest pages in the annals of the past! What, then, are the means by which to kindle this love of country into a steady and enduring flame, chaste, pure, and unquenchable as that which vestals for their goddess guarded? Your Free Public Schools. Let the young girl of America be instructed in the history of her country; let her be taught the story of the wives and mothers of the Revolution; of their devoted attachment to their country in the hour of its darkest peril; of that proud spirit of resistance to its oppressors which no persecution could overcome; of that unfaltering courage which lifted them high above the weakness of their sex and lent them strength to encourage and to cheer the fainting spirits of those who were doing battle in its cause: and when that girl shall become a matron, that love of country will have grown with her growth and become strengthened in her heart, and the first lessons that a mother's love will instil into the breast of the infant on her knee will be devotion to that country of which her education shall have taught her to be justly proud. Take the young boy of America and lead his mind back to the days of Washington. Teach him the story of the great man's life. Follow him from the moment when the youthful soldier first drew his sword in defence of his country, and depict his conduct and his courage on the dark battlefield

where Braddock fell. Let each successive scene of the desperate Revolutionary struggle be made familiar to his mind; let him trace the wintry march by the blood-stained path of a barefooted soldiery winding their painful way over a frozen soil; teach him in imagination to share the triumphs of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Yorktown. Let him contemplate the hero, the patriot, and the sage, when the battle's strife was over and the victory secured, calmly surrendering to his country's rulers the rank and station with which they had invested him, withdrawing to the retirement of the home that he loved, and modestly seeking to escape the honors that a grateful people were to bestow. Teach him to appreciate the less brilliant but more useful and solid triumphs of the statesman; tell him how, at the people's call, the man that was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," abandoned the calm seclusion that he cherished, again, at an advanced age, to expose himself to the stormy ocean of public life: first, to give aid and counsel to his countrymen in devising a frame of government that should forever secure their liberties; and then, by his administration of that government, to furnish a model and guide for the chief magistrates that were to succeed him. And then lead him at length to the last sad scene, the closing hour of the career of the greatest man that earth has ever

borne, to the death-bed of the purest patriot that ever perilled life in his country's cause, and let him witness a mighty people bowed down with sorrow and mourning the bereavement of their friend, their father. And as the story shall proceed, that boy's cheeks shall glow and his eye shall kindle with a noble enthusiasm, his heart shall beat with quicker pulse, and in his inmost soul shall he vow undying devotion to that country which, above all riches, possesses that priceless treasure, the name, the fame, and the memory of Washington.

Nor is it here that the glorious results of your system of universal education for the people are to be arrested. The same wise Providence which has bestowed on the inhabitant of the New World that restless activity and enterprise which so peculiarly adapt him for extending man's physical domain over the boundless forests that still invite the axe of the pioneer, has also implanted in his breast a mind, searching, inquisitive, and acute ; a mind that is yet destined to invade the domain of science, and to take possession of her proudest citadels. Hitherto the absence of some basis of primary instruction has caused that mind, in a great degree, to run riot, for want of proper direction to its energies ; but its very excesses serve but to prove its native strength, as a noxious vegetation proves, by the rankness of its growth, the fertility of the soil when yet unsubdued by man.

Let this basis be supplied, and instead of indulging in visionary schemes or submitting to the influence of the wildest fanaticism,— instead of becoming the votary of a Mormon or a Miller, — the freeman of America will seek other and nobler themes for the exercise of his intellect; other and purer fountains will furnish the living waters at which to slake his thirst for knowledge. The boundless field of the arts and sciences will be opened to his view. Emulation will lend strength and energy to each rival in the race of fame. Then shall we have achieved the peaceful conquest of our second, our moral independence. Then shall we cease morally as well as physically to be the tributaries of the Old World. Then, in painting, other Wests and other Allstons will arise; then sculpture will boast of other Greenoughs and Powerses; then the name of Bowditch will not stand alone amongst the votaries of that science which has her home in the heavens; then other philosophers will take their place by the side of Franklin, and other divines will emulate the fame and follow in the footsteps of Channing.

CHARLES SUMNER

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1811. He graduated from Harvard in 1830, and the following year entered the Harvard Law School. For many years he took no interest in politics, but at length he became interested in the cause of the Abolitionists. But it was not until 1851 that he became politically prominent, although he had in the interim won fame by his many and powerful orations on public occasions. In 1851 he was chosen to represent Massachusetts in the United States Senate, going thither as the avowed opponent of slavery. His first speech in the Senate gave him prominence in his party, and from that time until the downfall of slavery he was the most noted and the most dreaded of the adversaries of that system. The assault upon him by Preston S. Brooks forced him to travel in Europe for his health from 1857 to 1860, but in the latter year he resumed his senatorial duties. In 1870 Sumner's opposition to the policy of President Grant caused a rupture between the former and the Republican party, and for the rest of his life he was an Independent in his politics. He died in 1874.

Sumner was possessed of remarkable personal characteristics, and these were noticeable in his speeches. His self-esteem was great, and this led him into dogmatism. He once said, "There is no other side," and this belief showed in all his utterances. But he was also conscientious almost to excess, sincere and courageous, possessed of indomitable will and acute legal acumen. His rhetoric was often turgid to weariness, and his invective was too rash and unconsidered to be effective, yet the individuality of the man gave power to his words.

The Complete Works of Charles Sumner, prepared by himself, were issued in twelve volumes, in Boston, 1871–75.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

[Selection.] *Sumner.*

This remarkable speech was delivered before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4, 1845. The time was one ominous of war, questions which seemed to call for this last arbitrament having arisen between the United States and Mexico and the United States and England. Sumner was the orator of the day in the Boston celebration of the anniversary of Independence Day, and he took advantage of the occasion to deliver a powerful denunciation of war in general. Owing to the prevailing bellicose spirit, Mr. Sumner's audience were not in sympathy with his Declaration of War against War, as he called it, but all who heard him were impressed with the marvellous power of the oration. The great length of the speech precludes the inclusion of it as a whole, but in the portion given, ending with what might well have been the real peroration, are to be found the noblest parts of the argument. Its rhetoric is exquisite and at times glowing; its diction is chaste and effective; its lore is profound; its reasoning is sequent and cogent. Altogether, the speech is a noble example of American oratory, and gives better conception of the powers of Sumner than do any of his political speeches, delivered under the influence of feelings of antagonism and sometimes of anger.

IN accordance with uninterrupted usage, on this Sabbath of the Nation, we have put aside our daily cares and seized a respite from the never-ending toils of life, to meet in gladness and congratulation, mindful of the blessings transmitted from the past, mindful also, I trust, of our duties to the present and future.

All hearts turn first to the Fathers of the Repub-

lic. Their venerable forms rise before us in the procession of successive generations. They come from the frozen rock of Plymouth, from the wasted bands of Raleigh, from the heavenly companionship of Penn, from the anxious councils of the Revolution—from all those fields of sacrifice where, in obedience to the spirit of their age, they sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. They say to us, their children, "Cease to vaunt what you do and what has been done for you. Learn to walk meekly and to think humbly. Cultivate habits of self-sacrifice. Never aim at what is not right, persuaded that, without this, every possession and all knowledge will become an evil and a shame. And may these words of ours be ever in your minds! Strive to increase the inheritance we have bequeathed to you, bearing in mind always that if we excel you in virtue, such a victory will be to us a mortification, while defeat will bring happiness. In this way you may conquer us. Nothing is more shameful for a man than a claim to esteem, not on his own merits, but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the fathers is doubtless to their children a most precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmission to the next generation, and without addition, is the extreme of ignominy. Following these counsels, when your days on earth are finished you will come to join us, and we shall receive you as friend receives friend;

Charles Sumner

From a steel engraving

but if you neglect our words, expect no happy greeting from us."

Honor to the memory of our fathers! May the turf lie lightly on their sacred graves! Not in words only, but in deeds also, let us testify our reverence for their name, imitating what in them was lofty, pure, and good, learning from them to bear hardship and privation. May we, who now reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, augment the inheritance we have received! To this end, we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the past. To each generation is appointed its peculiar task; nor does the heart which responds to the call of duty find rest except in the grave.

Be ours the task now in the order of Providence cast upon us. And what is this duty? What can we do to make our coming welcome to our fathers in the skies, and draw to our memory hereafter the homage of a grateful posterity? How add to the inheritance received? The answer must interest all, particularly on this festival, when we celebrate the nativity of the Republic. It well becomes the patriot citizen, on this anniversary, to consider the national character and how it may be advanced, as the good man dedicates his birthday to meditation on his life and to resolutions of improvement. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the abounding prosperity of the land and in that freedom whose

influence is widening to the uttermost circles of the earth, I would turn attention to the character of our country, and humbly endeavor to learn what must be done that the Republic may best secure the welfare of the people committed to its care — that it may perform its part in the world's history —that it may fulfil the aspirations of generous hearts—and, practising that righteousness which exalteth a nation, attain to the elevation of true grandeur.

With this aim, and believing that I can in no other way so fitly fulfil the trust reposed in me to-day, I purpose to consider what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition — what is truly national honor, national glory — what is the True Grandeur of Nations. I would not depart from the modesty that becomes me, yet I am not without hope that I may do something to rescue these terms, now so powerful over the minds of men, from mistaken objects, especially from deeds of war and the extension of empire, that they may be applied to works of justice and beneficence, which are better than war or empire.

The subject may be novel on an occasion like the present ; but it is comprehensive, and of transcendent importance. It raises us to the contemplation of things not temporary or local, but belonging to all ages and countries : things lofty as truth, universal as humanity. Nay, more : it

practically concerns the general welfare, not only of our own cherished Republic, but of the whole federation of nations. It has an urgent interest from transactions in which we are now unhappily involved. By an act of unjust legislation extending our power over Texas, peace with Mexico is endangered; while, by petulant assertion of a disputed claim to a remote territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, ancient fires of hostile strife are kindled anew on the hearth of our mother country. Mexico and England both avow the determination to vindicate what is called the national honor; and our Government calmly contemplates the dread arbitrament of war, provided it cannot obtain what is called an honorable peace.

Far from our nation and our age be the sin and shame of contests hateful in the sight of God and all good men, having their origin in no righteous sentiment, no true love of country, no generous thirst for fame, "that last infirmity of a noble mind," but springing manifestly from an ignorant and ignoble passion for new territory, strengthened in our case, in a republic whose star is liberty, by unnatural desire to add new links in chains destined yet to fall from the limbs of the unhappy slave! In such contests God has no attribute which can join with us. Who believes that the national honor would be promoted by a war with Mexico or a war with England? What

just man would sacrifice a single human life to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon? An ancient Roman, ignorant of Christian truth, touched only by the relation of fellow-countryman and not of fellow-man, said, as he turned aside from a career of Asiatic conquest, that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than win to his power all the dominions of Mithridates.

A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; with England it would be bold at least, though parricidal. The heart sickens at the murderous attack upon an enemy distracted by civil feud, weak at home, impotent abroad; but it recoils in horror from the deadly shock between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions instinct with the same vital breath of freedom. The Roman historian has aptly pictured this unnatural combat. Rarely do words of the past so justly describe the present. "Curam acuebat, quod adversus Latinos bellandum erat, lingua, moribus, armorum genere, institutis ante omnia militaribus congruentes: milites militibus, centurionibus centuriones, tribuni tribunis compares collegæque, iisdem præsidiis, sæpe iisdem manipilis permixti fuerant."

Can there be in our age any peace that is not

honorable, any war that is not dishonorable? The true honor of a nation is conspicuous only in deeds of justice and beneficence, securing and advancing human happiness. In the clear eye of that Christian judgment which must yet prevail, vain are the victories of war, infamous its spoils. He is the benefactor, and worthy of honor, who carries comfort to wretchedness, dries the tear of sorrow, relieves the unfortunate, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, does justice, enlightens the ignorant, unfastens the fetters of the slave, and finally, by virtuous genius in art, literature, science, enlivens and exalts the hours of life, or, by generous example, inspires a love for God and man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor worthy of honor, whatever his worldly renown, whose life is absorbed in feats of brute force, who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood, whose vocation is blood. Well may the modern poet exclaim, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men!" for thus far it has chiefly honored the violent brood of Battle, armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth are noiseless as an angel's wing.

It will not be disguised that this standard differs

from that of the world even in our day. The voice of man is yet given to martial praise, and the honors of victory are chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, rocking the infant on her knee, stamps the images of war upon his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax; she nurses his slumber with its music, pleases his waking hours with its stories, and selects for his playthings the plume and the sword. From the child is formed the man; and who can weigh the influence of a mother's spirit on the opinions of his life? The mind which trains the child is like a hand at the end of a long lever: a gentle effort suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth, he is fed like Achilles, not on honey and milk only, but on bears' marrow and lions' hearts. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields are moistened by human blood. Fain would I offer my tribute to the Father of Poetry, standing with harp of immortal melody on the misty mountain-top of distant antiquity—to those stories of courage and sacrifice which emblazon the annals of Greece and Rome — to the fulminations of Demosthenes and the splendors of Tully — to the sweet verse of Virgil and the poetic prose of Livy: fain would I offer my tribute to the new literature, which shot up in modern times as a vigorous forest from the burnt site of ancient

woods — to the passionate song of the troubadour in France and the minnesinger in Germany — to the thrilling ballad of Spain and the delicate music of the Italian lyre: but from all these has breathed the breath of war, that has swept the heartstrings of men in all the thronging generations.

And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his service in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the prizes of worldly honor. For him the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul is taught to swell at the thought that he too is a soldier—that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms for their country; and perhaps he dreams that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave. The law of the land throws its sanction over this frenzy. The contagion spreads beyond those subject to positive obligation. Peaceful citizens volunteer to appear as soldiers, and affect, in dress, arms, and deportment, what is called the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The ear-piercing fife has to-day filled our streets, and we have come to this church, on this National Sabbath, by the thump of drum and with the parade of bristling bayonets.

It is not strange, then, that the spirit of war still finds a home among us, nor that its honors

continue to be regarded. All this may seem to illustrate the bitter philosophy of Hobbes, declaring that the natural state of mankind is war, and to sustain the exulting language of the soldier in our own day, when he wrote, "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening correction for the rich man's pride." This is broad and bold. In madder mood, another British general is reported as saying, "Why, man, do you know that a grenadier is the greatest character in this world?"—and, after a moment's pause, with the added emphasis of an oath, "and, I believe, in the next, too!" All these spoke in harmony. If one is true, all are true. A French voice has struck another note, chanting nothing less than the divinity of war, hailing it as "divine" in itself, "divine" in its consequences, "divine" in mysterious glory and seductive attraction, "divine" in the manner of its declaration, "divine" in the results obtained, "divine" in the indefinable force by which its triumph is determined; and the whole earth, continually imbibing blood, is nothing but an immense altar, where life is immolated without end, without measure, without respite. But this oracle is not

saved from rejection even by the magistral style in which it is delivered.

Alas! in the existing attitude of nations, the infidel philosopher and the rhetorical soldier, to say nothing of the giddy general and the French priest of Mars, find too much support for a theory which degrades human nature and insults the goodness of God. It is true that in us are impulses unhappily tending to strife. Propensities possessed in common with the beast, if not subordinated to what in man is human, almost divine, will break forth in outrage. This is the predominance of the animal. Hence wars and fightings, with the false glory which crowns such barbarism. But the true civilization of nations, as of individuals, is determined by the extent to which these evil dispositions are restrained. Nor does the teacher ever more truly perform his high office than when, recognizing the supremacy of the moral and intellectual, he calls upon nations, as upon individuals, to declare independence of the bestial, to abandon practices founded on this part of our nature, and in every way to beat down that brutal spirit which is the Genius of War. In making this appeal, he will be startled as he learns that, while the municipal law of each Christian nation, discarding the arbitrament of force, provides a judicial tribunal for the determination of controversies between individuals, international law expressly establishes

the arbitrament of war for the determination of controversies between nations.

Here, then, in unfolding the True Grandeur of Nations, we encounter a practice, or custom, sanctioned by the law of nations and constituting a part of that law, which exists in defiance of principles such as no individual can disown. If it is wrong and inglorious when individuals consent and agree to determine their petty controversies by combat, it must be equally wrong and inglorious when nations consent and agree to determine their vaster controversies by combat. Here is a positive, precise, and specific evil, of gigantic proportions, inconsistent with what is truly honorable, making within the sphere of its influence all true grandeur impossible, which, instead of proceeding from some uncontrollable impulse of our nature, is expressly established and organized by law.

As all citizens are parties to municipal law and responsible for its institutions, so are all the Christian nations parties to international law and responsible for its provisions. By recognizing these provisions nations consent and agree beforehand to the arbitrament of war, precisely as citizens, by recognizing trial by jury, consent and agree beforehand to the latter tribunal. As, to comprehend the true nature of trial by jury, we first repair to the municipal law by which it is established, so,

to comprehend the true nature of the arbitrament of war, we must first repair to the law of nations.

Writers of genius and learning have defined this arbitrament and laid down the rules by which it is governed, constituting a complex code, with innumerable subtle provisions regulating the resort to it and the manner in which it must be conducted, called the "Laws of War." In these quarters we catch our first authentic glimpse of its folly and wickedness. According to Lord Bacon, whose authority is always great, "Wars are no massacres and confusions, but they are the highest trials of right, when princes and States, that acknowledge no superior upon earth, shall put themselves upon the justice of God for the deciding of their controversies by such success as it shall please Him to give on either side." This definition of the English philosopher is adopted by the American jurist, Chancellor Kent, in his *Commentaries on American Law*. The Swiss publicist, Vattel, whose work is accepted as an important repository of the law of nations, defines war as "that state in which a nation prosecutes its right by force." In this he very nearly follows the eminent Dutch authority, Bynkershoek, who says, "Bellum est eorum, qui suæ potestatis sunt, juris sui persequendi ergo, concertatio per vim vel dolum." Mr. Whewell, who has done so much to illustrate philosophy in all its departments, says, in his recent work on the *Elements*

of Morality and Polity: "Though war is appealed to, because there is no other ultimate tribunal to which States can have resource, it is appealed to for justice." And in our own country, Dr. Lieber says, in a work of learning and sagacious thought, that war is undertaken "in order to obtain right," — a definition which hardly differs in form from those of Vattel and Bynkershoek.

In accordance with these texts, I would now define the evil which I arraign. War is a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of International Law, to establish justice between them: as, for instance, to determine a disputed boundary, the title to territory, or a claim for damages.

This definition is confined to contests between nations. It is restricted to international war, carefully excluding the question, often agitated, concerning the right of revolution, and that other question, on which friends of peace sometimes differ, the right of personal self-defence. It does not in any way throw doubt on the employment of force in the administration of justice or the conservation of domestic quiet.

It is true that the term "defensive" is always applied to wars in our day. And it is creditable to the moral sense that nations are constrained to allege this seeming excuse, although its absurdity is apparent in the equal pretensions of the two belligerents, each claiming to act on the defensive.

It is unreasonable to suppose that war can arise in the present age, under the sanctions of International Law, except to determine an asserted right. Whatever its character in periods of barbarism, or when invoked to repel an incursion of robbers or pirates, "enemies of the human race," war becomes in our day, among all the nations parties to existing International Law, simply a mode of litigation, or of deciding a *lis pendens*. It is a mere trial of right, an appeal for justice to force. The wars now lowering from Mexico and England are of this character. On the one side, we assert a title to Texas, which is disputed; on the other, we assert a title to Oregon, which is disputed. Only according to "martial logic," or the "flash language" of a dishonest patriotism, can the ordeal by battle be regarded in these causes, on either side, as defensive war. Nor did the threatened war with France in 1834 promise to assume any different character. Its professed object was to obtain the payment of five million dollars — in other words, to determine by this ultimate tribunal a simple question of justice. And going back still farther in our history, the avowed purpose of the war against Great Britain in 1812 was to obtain from the latter power an abandonment of the claim to search American vessels. Unrighteous as was this claim, it is plain that war here was invoked only as a trial of right.

It forms no part of my purpose to consider individual wars in the past, except so far as necessary by way of example. My aim is higher. I wish to expose an irrational, cruel, and impious custom, sanctioned by the law of nations. On this account I resort to that supreme law for the definition on which I plant myself in the effort I now make.

After considering in succession, first, the character of war, secondly the miseries it produces, and thirdly, its utter and pitiful insufficiency, as a mode of determining justice, we shall be able to decide, strictly and logically, whether it must not be ranked as crime, from which no true honor can spring to individuals or nations. To appreciate this evil and the necessity for its overthrow, it will be our duty, fourthly, to consider in succession the various prejudices by which it is sustained, ending with that prejudice, so gigantic and all-embracing, at whose command uncounted sums are madly diverted from purposes of peace to preparations for war. The whole subject is infinitely practical, while the concluding division shows how the public treasury may be relieved, and new means secured for human advancement.

First, as to the essential character and root of war, or that part of our nature whence it proceeds. Listen to the voice from the ancient poet of Bœotian Asora :

"This is the law for mortals, ordained by the Ruler of Heaven :
Fishes and beasts and birds of the air devour each other ;
Justice dwells not among them ; only to man has he given
Justice the highest and best."

These words of old Hesiod exhibit the distinction between man and beast ; but this very distinction belongs to the present discussion. The idea rises to the mind at once that war is a resort to brute force, where nations strive to overpower each other. Reason, and the divine part of our nature, where alone we differ from the beast, where alone we approach the Divinity, where alone are the elements of that justice which is the professed object of war, are rudely dethroned. For the time, men adopt the nature of beasts, emulating their ferocity, like them rejoicing in blood, and with lion's paw clutching an asserted right. Though in more recent days this character is somewhat disguised by the skill and knowledge employed, war is still the same, only more destructive from the genius and intellect which have become its servants. The primitive poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this boldly apparent. The heroes of Homer are likened to animals in ungovernable fury, or to things devoid of reason or affection. Menelaus presses his way through the crowd "like a wild beast." Sarpedon is aroused against the Argives

"as a lion against the crooked-horned oxen," and afterward rushes forward "like a lion nurtured on the mountains, for a long time famished for want of flesh, but whose courage impels him to attack even the well-guarded sheepfold." In one and the same passage, the great Telamonian Ajax is "wild beast," "tawny lion," and "dull ass"; and all the Greek chiefs, the flower of the camp, are ranged about Diomed, "like raw-eating lions, or wild boars, whose strength is irresistible." Even Hector, the model hero, with all the virtues of war, is praised as "tamer of horses"; and one of his renowned feats in battle, indicating brute strength only, is where he takes up and hurls a stone which two of our strongest men could not easily lift into a wagon; and he drives over dead bodies and shields, while the axle is defiled by gore and the guard about the seat is sprinkled from the horses' hoofs and the tires of the wheels; and in that most admired passage of ancient literature, before returning his child, the young Astyanax, to the arms of the wife he is about to leave, this hero of war invokes the gods for a single blessing on the boy's head, "that he may excel his father, and bring home bloody spoils, the enemy being slain, and so make glad the heart of his mother!"

From early fields of modern literature, as from those of antiquity, might be gathered similar illustrations, showing the unconscious degradation of

the soldier, in vain pursuit of justice, renouncing the human character to assume that of the brute. Bayard, the exemplar of chivalry, with a name always on the lips of its votaries, was described by the qualities of beasts, being, according to his admirers, "ram in attack, wild boar in defence, and wolf in flight." Henry the Fifth, as represented by our own Shakespeare, in the spirit-stirring appeal to his troops exclaims:

> "When the blast of war blows in our ears,
> Then imitate the tiger."

This is plain and frank, revealing the true character of war.

I need not dwell on the moral debasement that must ensue. Passions, like so many bloodhounds, are unleashed and suffered to rage. Crimes filling our prisons stalk abroad in the soldier's garb, unwhipped of justice. Murder, robbery, rape, arson, are the sports of this fiendish Saturnalia, when

> "The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range
> With conscience wide as hell."

By a bold but truthful touch, Shakespeare thus pictures the foul disfigurement which war produces in man, whose native capacities he describes in those beautiful words: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how

express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god !" And yet this nobility of reason, this infinitude of faculties, this marvel of form and motion, this nature so angelic, so godlike, are all, under the transforming power of war, lost in the action of the beast or the license of the fleshed soldier with bloody hand and conscience wide as hell.

The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the belligerent nations and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this instant change between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive branch of peace, are driven from the sea or turned from peaceful purposes to be ministers of destruction ; the threads of social and business intercourse, so carefully woven into a thick web, are suddenly snapped asunder ; friend can no longer communicate with friend ; the twenty thousand letters speeded each fortnight from this port alone are arrested, and the human affections of which they are the precious expression seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you with friends and kindred abroad, are you bound to other lands only by relations of commerce, are you ready for this rude separation ?

This is little compared with what must follow.

It is but the first portentous shadow of disastrous eclipse, twilight usher of thick darkness, covering the whole heavens with a pall, broken only by the lightnings of battle and siege.

Such horrors redden the historic page, while, to the scandal of humanity, they never want historians with feelings kindred to those by which they are inspired. The favorite chronicler of modern Europe, Froissart, discovers his sympathies in his prologue, where, with something of apostleship, he announces his purpose "that the honorable enterprises and noble adventures and feats of arms which happened in the wars of France and England be notably registered and put in perpetual memory," and then proceeds to bestow his equal admiration upon bravery and cunning, upon the courtesy which pardoned as upon the rage which caused the flow of blood in torrents, dwelling with especial delight on "beautiful incursions, beautiful rescues, beautiful feats of arms, and beautiful prowesses"; and wantoning in pictures of cities assaulted, "which, being soon gained by force, were robbed, and men and women and children put to the sword without mercy, while the churches were burnt and violated." This was in a barbarous age. But popular writers in our own day, dazzled by false ideas of greatness, at which reason and humanity blush, do not hesitate to dwell on similar scenes even with rapture and

eulogy. The humane soul of Wilberforce, which sighed that England's "bloody laws sent many unprepared into another world," could hail the slaughter of Waterloo, by which thousands were hurried into eternity on the Sabbath he held so holy, as a "splendid victory."

My present purpose is less to judge the historian than to expose the horrors on horrors which he applauds. At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, gray hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriate troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood; and yet this is called a "glorious exploit." Here was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when, in the license of victory, there ensued a savage scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides mingled fearfully with the groans of the wounded. Churches were desecrated, cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged, fire was wantonly applied to the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. Only when the drunken soldiers dropped from excess or fell asleep was any degree of order restored; and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." This "beautiful

feat of arms" was followed by the storming of Badajoz, where the same scenes were enacted again, with accumulated atrocities. The story shall be told in the words of a partial historian, who himself saw what he eloquently describes: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz. On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of." All this is in the nature of confession, for the historian is a partisan of battle.

The same terrible war affords another instance of atrocities at a siege crying to heaven. For weeks before the surrender of Saragossa the deaths daily were from four to five hundred; and as the living could not bury the increasing mass, thousands of carcasses, scattered in streets and courtyards, or piled in heaps at the doors of churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption or to be licked up by the flames of burning houses. The city was shaken to its foundations by sixteen thousand shells and the explosion of

forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, while the bones of forty thousand victims, of every age and both sexes, bore dreadful testimony to the unutterable cruelty of war.

These might seem pictures from the life of Alaric, who led the Goths to Rome, or of Attila, general of the Huns, called the Scourge of God, and who boasted that the grass did not grow where his horse had set his foot; but no! they belong to our own times. They are portions of the wonderful, but wicked, career of him who stands forth the foremost representative of worldly grandeur. The heart aches, as we follow him and his marshals from field to field of satanic glory, finding everywhere, from Spain to Russia, the same carnival of woe. The picture is various, yet the same. Suffering, wounds, and death, in every form, fill the terrible canvas. What scene more dismal than that of Albuera, with its horrid piles of corpses, while all night the rain pours down, and river, hill, and forest, on each side, resound with the cries and groans of the dying? What scene more awfully monumental than Salamanca, where, long after the great battle, the ground, strewn with fragments of casques and cuirasses, was still white with the skeletons of those who fell? What catalogue of horrors more complete than the Russian campaign? At every step is war, and this is enough: soldiers black with pow-

der; bayonets bent with the violence of the encounter, the earth ploughed with cannon-shot; trees torn and mutilated; the dead and dying; wounds and agony; fields covered with broken carriages, outstretched horses, and mangled bodies; while disease, sad attendant on military suffering, sweeps thousands from the great hospitals, and the multitude of amputated limbs, which there is no time to destroy, accumulate in bloody heaps, filling the air with corruption. What tongue, what pen, can describe the bloody havoc at Borodino, where, between rise and set of sun, one hundred thousand of our fellow-men, equalling in number the whole population of this city, sank to earth, dead or wounded? Fifty days after the battle, no less than thirty thousand are found stretched where their last convulsions ended, and the whole plain is strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood and bones gnawed by dogs and vultures. Who can follow the French army in dismal retreat, avoiding the spear of the pursuing Cossack only to sink beneath the sharper frost and ice, in a temperature below zero, on foot, without shelter for the body, famishing on horse-flesh and a miserable compound of rye and snow water? With a fresh army, the war is upheld against new forces under the walls of Dresden; and as the Emperor rides over the field of battle —

after indulging the night before in royal supper with the Saxon king — he sees ghastly new-made graves, with hands and arms projecting, stark and stiff, above the ground; and shortly afterwards, when shelter is needed for the troops, the order to occupy the hospitals for the insane is given, with the words, "Turn out the mad!"

Here I might close this scene of blood. But there is one other picture of the atrocious, though natural, consequences of war, occurring almost within our own day, that I would not omit. Let me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Superb, City of Palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in queenly pride, as she sat then — her mural crown studded with towers, her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures, her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of Time, her close streets thronged by a hundred thousand inhabitants — at the foot of the Apennines, as they approach the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea, leaning her back against their strong mountainsides, over-

shadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and the lemon with pleasant perfume scent the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight? Who can listen to the story of her sorrows without a pang?

At the opening of the present century, the armies of the French Republic, after dominating over Italy, were driven from their conquests and compelled, with shrunken forces, to find shelter under Massena within the walls of Genoa. Various efforts were made by the Austrian general, aided by bombardment from the British fleet, to force the strong defences by assault. At length the city was invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country was cut off, while the harbor was closed by the ever-wakeful British watchdogs of war. Besides the French troops, within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful, unoffending inhabitants. Provisions soon become scarce; scarcity sharpens into want, till fell Famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinnys. Picture to yourselves this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday, daughter by the side of mother, husband by the side of wife. When grain and rice fail, flaxseed, millet, cocoa, and almonds are ground by hand-mills into flour, and even bran,

baked with honey, is eaten, less to satisfy than to deaden hunger. Before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for thirty-two cents, a pound of bran for thirty cents, a pound of flour for one dollar and seventy-five cents. A single bean is soon sold for two cents, and a biscuit of three ounces for two dollars and a quarter, till finally none can be had at any price. The wretched soldiers, after devouring the horses, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted in cellars and sewers. "Happy were now," exclaims an Italian historian, "not those who lived, but those who died!" The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger with delirious fancies. They now turn to herbs — dock, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, with women of noble birth and beauty, seek upon the slope of the mountain within the defences those aliments which nature designed solely for beasts. Scanty vegetables, with a scrap of cheese, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded, those sacred stipendiaries of human charity. In the last anguish of despair, men and women fill the air with groans and shrieks, some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, yielding their expiring breath on the unpitying stones of the street — alas, not more unpitying than man! Children, whom a dead mother's arms had ceased

to protect, orphans of an hour, with piercing cries supplicate in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; none pity or aid. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, some precipitate themselves into the sea, while the more impetuous rush from the gates and impale their bodies on the Austrian bayonets. Others still are driven to devour their shoes and the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh so far abates that numbers feed like cannibals on the corpses about them.

At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honors of war,"—but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended like an eagle from the Alps, and in nine days afterwards, on the plains of Marengo, shattered the Austrian empire in Italy.

But wasted lands, famished cities, and slaughtered armies are not all that is contained in "the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected with others, as all of you, by dear ties of kindred, love, and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the embrace of family. To him there is perhaps an aged mother, who

fondly hoped to lean her bending years on his more youthful form; perhaps a wife, whose life is just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps sisters, brothers. As he falls on the field of war, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes? Who can give the gauge and dimensions of this infinite sorrow? Tell me, ye who feel the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you watch tenderly till the last golden sands are run out and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish? Your friend departs, soothed by kindness and in the arms of Love; the soldier gasps out his life with no friend near, while the scowl of Hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul. Who can forget the anguish that fills the bosom and crazes the brain of Lenore in the matchless ballad of Huger, when seeking in vain among returning squadrons for her lover, left dead on Prague's ensanguined plain? But every field of blood has many Lenores. All war is full of desolate homes, as is vividly pictured by a master-poet of antiquity, whose verse is an argument.

> "But through the bounds of Grecia's land,
> Who sent her sons for Troy to part,
> See mourning, with much-suffering heart,
> On each man's threshold stand,

On each sad hearth in Grecia's land.
Well may her soul with grief be rent ;
She well remembers whom she sent,
She sees them not return :
Instead of men, to each man's home
Urns and ashes only come,
And the armor which they wore,—
Sad relics to their native shore.
For Mars, the barterer of the lifeless clay,
Who sells for gold the slain,
And holds the scale, in battle's doubtful day,
High balanced o'er the plain,
From Ilium's walls for men returns
Ashes and sepulchral urns,—
Ashes wet with many a tear,
Sad relics of the fiery bier.
Round the full urns the general groan
Goes, as each their kindred own :
One they mourn in battle strong,
And one that 'mid the armèd throng
He sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,
And for another's consort died.

. . . . . .

Others they mourn whose monuments stand
By Ilium's walls on foreign strand ;
Where they fell in beauty's bloom,
There they lie in hated tomb,
Sunk beneath the mossy mound,
In eternal chambers bound.

But all these miseries are to no purpose. War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance its professed object. The wretchedness it entails contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore in no respect determines justice between the contending nations.

The fruitlessness and vanity of war appear in the great conflicts by which the world has been lacerated. After long struggle, where each nation inflicts and receives incalculable injury, peace is gladly obtained on the basis of the condition before the war, known as the *status ante bellum*. I cannot illustrate this futility better than by the familiar example—humiliating to both countries—of our last war with Great Britain, where the professed object was to obtain a renunciation of the British claim, so defiantly asserted, to impress our seamen. To overturn this injustice the arbitrament of war was invoked, and for nearly three years the whole country was under its terrible ban. American commerce was driven from the seas; the resources of the land were drained by taxation; villages on the Canadian frontier were laid in ashes; the metropolis of the Republic was captured; while distress was everywhere within our borders. Weary at last with this rude trial, the National Government appointed commissioners to treat for peace, with these specific instructions: "Your first duty will be to conclude a peace with Great Britain; and you are authorized to do it, in case you obtain a satisfactory stipulation against impressment, one which shall secure under our flag protection to the crew. . . . If this encroachment of Great Britain is not provided against, the United States have appealed to arms in vain."

Afterwards, finding small chance of extorting from Great Britain a relinquishment of the unrighteous claim, and foreseeing from the inveterate prosecution of the war only an accumulation of calamities, the National Government directed the negotiators in concluding a treaty to "omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment." These instructions were obeyed, and the treaty that restored to us once more the blessings of peace, so rashly cast away but now hailed with intoxication of joy, contained no allusion to impressment, nor did it provide for the surrender of a single American sailor detained in the British navy. Thus, by the confession of our own Government, "the United States had appealed to arms in vain!" These important words are not mine; they are the words of the country.

All this is the natural result of an appeal to war for the determination of justice. Justice implies the exercise of the judgment. Now war not only supersedes the judgment, but delivers over the pending question to superiority of force, or to chance.

Superior force may end in conquest; this is the natural consequence; but it cannot adjudicate any right. We expose the absurdity of its arbitrament when, by a familiar phrase of sarcasm, we deride the right of the strongest—excluding, of course, all idea of right, except that of the lion as he springs

upon a weaker beast, of the wolf as he tears in pieces the lamb, of the vulture as he devours the dove. The grossest spirits must admit that this is not justice.

But the battle is not always to the strong. Superiority of force is often checked by the proverbial contingencies of war. Especially are such contingencies revealed in rankest absurdity where nations, as is the acknowledged custom, without regard to their respective forces, whether weaker or stronger, voluntarily appeal to this mad umpirage. Who beforehand can measure the currents of the heady fight? In common language, we confess the "chances" of battle; and soldiers to this harsh vocation yet call it a "game." The Great Captain of our age, who seemed to drag victory at his chariot wheels, in a formal address to his officers on entering Russia, says, "In war, fortune has an equal share with ability in success." The famous victory of Marengo, accident of an accident, wrested unexpectedly at close of day from a foe at an earlier hour successful, taught him the uncertainty of war. Afterwards, in bitterness of spirit, when his immense forces were shivered and his triumphant eagles driven back with broken wings, he exclaimed, in that remarkable conversation recorded by his secretary, Fain, "Well, this is war! High in the morning; low enough at night! From a triumph to a fall is

often but a step." The same sentiment is repeated by the military historian of the Peninsular campaigns, when he says : " Fortune always asserts her supremacy in war ; and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow, that, in every age and every nation, the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial." And again, in another place, considering the conduct of Wellington, the same military historian, who is an unquestionable authority, confesses : " A few hours' delay, an accident, a turn of fortune, and he would have been foiled. Ay ! but this is war, always dangerous and uncertain, an ever-rolling wheel, and armed with scythes." And will intelligent men look for justice to an ever-rolling wheel armed with scythes ?

Chance is written on every battle-field. Discerned less in the conflict of large masses than in that of individuals, it is equally present in both. How capriciously the wheel turned when the fortunes of Rome were staked on the combat between the Horatii and the Curatii ! and who, at one time, augured that the single Horatius, with two slain brothers on the field, would overpower the three living enemies ? But this is not alone. In all the combats of history involving the fate of individuals or nations, we learn to revolt at the frenzy which carries questions of property, freedom, or life to a judgment so uncertain and

senseless. The humorous poet fitly exposes its hazards, when he says that

> "a turnstile is more certain
> Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune."

During the early modern centuries, and especially in the moral night of the Dark Ages, the practice prevailed extensively throughout Europe of invoking this adjudication for controversies, whether of individuals or communities. I do not dwell on the custom of private war, though it aptly illustrates the subject, stopping merely to echo that joy which, in a time of ignorance, before this arbitrament yielded gradually to the ordinances of monarchs and an advancing civilization, hailed its temporary suspension as the Truce of God. But this beautiful term, most suggestive and historically important, cannot pass without the attention which belongs to it. Such a truce is still an example, and also an argument; but it is for nations. Here is something to be imitated; and here also is an appeal to the reason. If individuals or communities once recognized the Truce of God, why not again? And why may not its benediction descend upon nations also? Its origin goes back to the darkest night. It was in 1032 that the Bishop of Aquitaine announced the appearance of an angel with a message from heaven, engaging men to cease from war and be reconciled. The people, already softened by calamity and

disposed to supernatural impressions, hearkened to the sublime message, and consented. From sunset Thursday to sunrise Monday each week, also during Advent and Lent, and at the great festivals, all effusion of blood was interdicted and no man could molest his adversary. Women, children, travellers, merchants, laborers, were assured perpetual peace. Every church was made an asylum, and, by happy association, the plough also sheltered from peril all who came to it. This respite, justly regarded as marvellous, was hailed as the Truce of God. Beginning in one neighborhood, it was piously extended until it embraced the whole kingdom, and then, by the authority of the Pope, became coëxtensive with Christendom, while those who violated it were put under solemn ban. As these things passed, bishops lifted up their crosses, and the people in their gladness cried, "Peace, Peace!" Originally too limited in operation and too short in duration, the Truce of God must again be proclaimed for all places and all times,— proclaimed to all mankind and all nations, without distinction of person or calling, on all days of the week, without distinction of sacred days or festivals, and with one universal asylum, not merely the church and the plough, but every place and thing.

From private wars, whose best lesson is the Truce of God, by which for a time they were

hushed, I come to the judicial combat, or Trial by Battle, where, as in a mirror, we behold the barbarism of war, without truce of any kind. Trial by Battle was a formal and legitimate mode of deciding controversies, principally between individuals. Like other ordeals, by walking barefoot and blindfold among burning ploughshares, by holding hot iron, by dipping the hand in hot water or hot oil, and like the great ordeal of war, it was a presumptuous appeal to Providence, under the apprehension and hope that Heaven would give the victory to him who had the right. Its object was the very object of war: the determination of justice. It was sanctioned by municipal law as an arbitrament for individuals, as war, to the scandal of civilization, is still sanctioned by international law as an arbitrament for nations. "Men," says the brilliant Frenchman, Montesquieu, "subject even their prejudices to rules"; and Trial by Battle, which he does not hesitate to denounce as a "monstrous usage," was surrounded by artificial regulations of multifarious detail, constituting an extensive system, determining how and when it should be waged, as war is surrounded by a complex code, known as the Laws of War. "Nothing," says Montesquieu again, "could be more contrary to good sense, but, once established, it was executed with a certain prudence," — which is equally true of war.

No battle-field for an army is selected with more care than was the field for Trial by Battle. An open space in the neighborhood of a church was often reserved for this purpose. At the famous Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in Paris, there was a tribune for the judges, overlooking the adjoining meadow which served for the field. The combat was inaugurated by a solemn mass, according to a form still preserved, *Missa pro Duello,* so that, in ceremonial and sanction, as in the field, the Church was constantly present. Champions were hired as soldiers now.

No question was too sacred, grave, or recondite for this tribunal. In France, the title of an abbey to a neighboring church was decided by it; and an emperor of Germany, according to a faithful ecclesiastic, "desirous of dealing *honorably* with his peoples and nobles" (mark here the standard of honor!), waived the judgment of the court on a grave question of law concerning the descent of property, and referred it to champions. Human folly did not stop here. In Spain, a subtle point of theology was submitted to the same determination. But Trial by Battle was not confined to particular countries or to rare occasions. It prevailed everywhere in Europe, superseding in many places all other ordeals, and even Trials by Proofs, while it extended not only to criminal matters but to questions of property. In Orléans it had an

exceptional limitation, being denied in civil matters where the amount did not exceed five sous.

Like war in our day, its justice and fitness as an arbitrament were early doubted or condemned. Liutprand, a king of the Lombards, during that middle period neither ancient nor modern, in a law bearing date A.D. 724, declares his distrust of it as a mode of determining justice; but the monarch is compelled to add that, considering the custom of his Lombard people, he cannot forbid the *impious law*. His words deserve emphatic mention: "Propter consuetudinem gentris nostræ Langobardorum *legem impiam* vetare non possumus." The appropriate epithet by which he branded Trial by Battle is the important bequest of the royal Lombard to a distant posterity. For this the lawgiver will be cherished with grateful regard in the annals of civilization.

This custom received another blow from Rome. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, Don Pedro of Aragon, after exchanging letters of defiance with Charles of Anjou, proposed a personal combat, which was accepted, on condition that Sicily should be the prize of success. Each called down upon his head all the vengeance of Heaven and the last dishonor, if, at the appointed time, he failed to appear before the Seneschal of Aquitaine, or, in case of defeat, refused to consign Sicily undisturbed to the victor. While they were pre-

paring for the lists, the Pope, Martin the Fourth, protested with all his might against this new Trial by Battle, which staked the sovereignty of a kingdom, a feudatory of the Holy See, on a wild stroke of chance. By a papal bull, dated at Civita Vecchia April 5, 1283, he threatened excommunication to either of the princes who should proceed to a combat which he pronounced criminal and abominable. By a letter of the same date, the Pope announced to Edward the First of England, Duke of Aquitaine, the agreement of the two princes, which he most earnestly declared to be full of indecency and rashness, hostile to the concord of Christendom, and reckless of Christian blood; and he urged upon the English monarch all possible efforts to prevent the combat, menacing him with excommunication, and his territories with interdict, if it should take place. Edward refusing to guarantee the safety of the combatants in Aquitaine, the parties retired without consummating their duel. The judgment of the Holy See, which thus accomplished its immediate object, though not in terms directed to the suppression of the custom, remains, nevertheless, from its peculiar energy, a perpetual testimony against Trial by Battle.

To a monarch of France belongs the honor of first interposing the royal authority for the entire suppression within his jurisdiction of this *impious*

custom, so universally adopted, so dear to the nobility, and so profoundly rooted in the institutions of the Feudal Age. And here let me pause with reverence as I pronounce the name of Saint Louis, a prince whose unenlightened errors may find easy condemnation in an age of larger toleration and wider knowledge, but whose firm and upright soul, exalted sense of justice, fatherly regard for the happiness of his people, respect for the rights of others, a conscience void of offence toward God or man, make him foremost among Christian rulers and the highest example for Christian prince or Christian people,—in one word, a model of true greatness. He was of angelic conscience, subjecting whatever he did to the single and exclusive test of moral rectitude, disregarding every consideration of worldly advantage, all fear of worldly consequences.

His soul, thus tremblingly sensitive to right, was shocked at the judicial combat. It was a sin in his sight thus to tempt God by demanding of Him a miracle whenever judgment was pronounced. From these intimate convictions sprang a royal ordinance, promulgated first at a parliament assembled in 1260: "We forbid to all persons throughout our dominions the Trial by Battle; . . . and instead of battles, we establish proofs by witnesses. . . . And these battles we abolish in our dominions forever."

Such were the restraints on the royal authority that this beneficent ordinance was confined in operation to the demesnes of the king, not embracing those of the barons and feudatories. But where the power of the sovereign did not reach, there he labored by example, influence, and express intercession,—treating with the great vassals, and inducing many to renounce this unnatural usage. Though for years later it continued to vex parts of France, its overthrow commenced with the ordinance of Saint Louis.

Honor and blessings attend this truly Christian king, who submitted all his actions to the heaven-descended sentiment of duty ; who began a long and illustrious reign by renouncing and restoring conquests of his predecessor, saying to those about him, whose souls did not ascend to his heights : "I know that the predecessors of the King of England lost altogether by right the conquest which I hold ; and the land which I give him I do not give because I am bound to him or his heirs, but to put love between my children and his children, who are cousins-german ; and it seems to me that what I thus give I employ to good purpose." Honor to him who never by force or cunning grasped what was not his own,—who sought no advantage from the turmoil and dissension of his neighbors,—who, first of Christian princes, rebuked the Spirit of War, saying to those who would have him profit by the

strife of others, "Blessed are the peacemakers,"— who, by an immortal ordinance, abolished Trial by Battle throughout his dominions,— who extended equal justice to all, whether his own people or his neighbors, and in the extremity of his last illness, before the walls of Tunis, under a burning African sun, among the bequests of his spirit enjoined on his son and successor, "in maintaining justice, to be inflexible and loyal, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left."

To condemn Trial by Battle no longer requires the sagacity above his age of the Lombard monarch, or the intrepid judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff, or the ecstatic soul of Saint Louis. An incident of history, as curious as it is authentic, illustrates this point and shows the certain progress of opinion; and this brings me to England, where this trial was an undoubted part of the early Common Law, with peculiar ceremonies sanctioned by the judges robed in scarlet. The learned Selden, not content with tracing its origin and exhibiting its forms, with the oath of the duellist, "As God me help, and His saints of Paradise," shows also the copartnership of the Church through its liturgy appointing prayers for the occasion. For some time it was the only mode of trying a writ of right, by which the title to real property was determined, and the fines from the numerous cases formed no inconsiderable portion of the king's revenue. It was

partially restrained by Henry the Second, under the advice of his chief justiciary, the ancient law-writer, Glanville, substituting the Grand Assize as an alternative, on the trial of a writ of right ; and the reason assigned for this substitution was the uncertainty of the duel, so that after many and long delays justice was scarcely obtained, in contrast with the other trial, which was more convenient and swift. At a later day, Trial by Battle was rebuked by Elizabeth, who interposed to compel the parties to a composition,—although, for the sake of their honor, as it was called, the lists were marked out and all the preliminary forms observed with much ceremony. It was awarded under Charles the First, and the proceeding went so far that a day was proclaimed for the combatants to appear with spear, long sword, short sword, and dagger, when the duel was adjourned from time to time, and at last the King compelled an accommodation without bloodshed. Though fallen into desuetude, quietly overruled by the enlightened sense of successive generations, yet, to the disgrace of English jurisprudence, it was not legislatively abolished till near our own day,—as late as 1819,—the right to it having been openly claimed in Westminster Hall only two years previous. An ignorant man, charged with murder,—whose name, Abraham Thornton, is necessarily connected with the history of this monstrous usage,—being proceeded against

by the ancient process of appeal, pleaded, when brought into court, as follows: "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body"; and thereupon taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor. The appellant, not choosing to accept this challenge, abandoned his proceedings. The bench, the bar, and the whole kingdom were startled by the infamy; and at the next session of Parliament Trial by Battle was abolished in England. In the debate on this subject the Attorney-General remarked, in appropriate terms, that "if the appellant had persevered in the Trial by Battle, he had no doubt the legislature would have felt it their imperious duty at once to interfere and pass an *ex post facto* law to prevent so degrading a spectacle from taking place."

These words evince the disgust which Trial by Battle excites in our day. Its folly and wickedness are conspicuous to all. Reverting to that early period in which it prevailed, our minds are impressed by the general barbarism; we recoil with horror from the awful subjection of justice to brute force, from the impious profanation of God in deeming Him present at these outrages, and from the moral degradation out of which they sprang and which they perpetuated; we enrobe ourselves in self-complacent virtue and thank God that we are not as these men, that ours is an age of light, while theirs was an age of darkness!

But remember, fellow-citizens, that this criminal and impious custom, which all condemn in the case of individuals, is openly avowed by our own country and by other countries of the great Christian Federation,—nay, that it is expressly established by International Law as the proper mode of determining justice between nations; while the feats of hardihood by which it is waged and the triumphs of its fields are exalted beyond all other labors, whether of learning, industry, or benevolence, as the well-spring of glory. Alas! upon our own heads be the judgment of barbarism which we pronounce upon those who have gone before! At this moment, in this period of light, while to the contented souls of many the noonday sun of civilization seems to be standing still in the heavens, as upon Gibeon, the dealings between nations are still governed by the odious rules of brute violence which once predominated between individuals. The Dark Ages have not passed away; Erebus and black Night, born of Chaos, still brood over the earth; nor can we hail the clear day until the hearts of nations are touched, as the hearts of individual men, and all acknowledge one and the same Law of Right.

What has taught you, O man! thus to find glory in an act performed by a nation, which you condemn as a crime or barbarism when committed by an individual? In what vain conceit of wisdom

and virtue do you find this incongruous morality? Where is it declared that God, who is no respecter of persons, is a respecter of multitudes? Whence do you draw these partial laws of an impartial God? Man is immortal; but nations are mortal. Man has a higher destiny than nations. Can nations be less amenable to the supreme moral law? Each individual is an atom of the mass. Must not the mass, in its conscience, be like the individuals of which it is composed? Shall the mass, in relations with other masses, do what individuals in relations with each other may not do? As in the physical creation, so in the moral, there is but one rule for the individual and the mass. It was the lofty discovery of Newton that the simple law which determines the fall of an apple prevails everywhere throughout the universe, ruling each particle in reference to every other particle, large or small, reaching from earth to heaven and controlling the infinite motions of the spheres. So, with equal scope, another simple law, the Law of Right, which binds the individual, binds also two or three when gathered together,—binds conventions and congregations of men,—binds villages, towns, and cities,—binds states, nations, and races,—clasps the whole human family in its sevenfold embrace; nay, more, beyond

> "the flaming bounds of place and time,
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,"

it binds the angels of heaven, cherubim, full of knowledge, seraphim, full of love; above all, it binds, in self-imposed bonds, a just and omnipotent God. This is the law of which the ancient poet sings as "Queen alike of mortals and immortals." It is of this, and not of any earthly law, that Hooker speaks in that magnificent period which sounds like an anthem: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." Often quoted and justly admired, sometimes as the finest sentence of our English speech, this grand declaration cannot be more fitly invoked than to condemn the pretence of one law for the individual and another for the nation.

Stripped of all delusive apology and tried by that comprehensive law under which nations are set to the bar like common men, war falls from glory into barbarous guilt, taking its place among bloody trangressions, while its flaming honors are turned to shame. Painful to existing prejudice as this may be, we must learn to abhor it, as we abhor

similar trangressions by vulgar offenders. Every word of reprobation which the enlightened conscience now fastens upon the savage combatant in Trial by Battle, or which it applies to the unhappy being who in murderous duel takes the life of his fellow-man, belongs also to the nation that appeals to war. Amidst the thunders of Sinai God declared, "Thou shalt not kill"; and the voice of these thunders, with this commandment, is prolonged to our own day in the echoes of Christian churches. What mortal shall restrict the application of these words? Who on earth is empowered to vary or abridge the commandments of God? Who shall presume to declare that this injunction was directed, not to nations, but to individuals only, — not to many, but to one only, — that one man shall not kill, but that many may, — that one man shall not slay in duel, but that a nation may slay a multitude in the duel of war, — that each individual is forbidden to destroy the life of a single human being, but that a nation is not forbidden to cut off by the sword a whole people? We are struck with horror, and our hair stands on end, at the report of a single murder; we think of the soul hurried to final account; we hunt the murderer; and Government puts forth its energies to secure his punishment. Viewed in the unclouded light of truth, what is war but organized murder, — murder of malice aforethought, — in cold blood, —

under sanction of "impious law,"—through the operation of an extensive machinery of crime,—with innumerable hands,—at incalculable cost of money,—by subtle contrivances of cunning and skill,—or amidst the fiendish atrocities of the savage, brutal assault?

By another commandment, not less solemn, it is declared, "Thou shalt not steal"; and then again there is another forbidding to covet what belongs to others: but all this is done by war, which is stealing and covetousness organized by International Law. The Scythian, undisturbed by the illusion of military glory, snatched a phrase of justice from an acknowledged criminal, when he called Alexander "the greatest robber in the world." And the Roman satirist, filled with similar truth, in pungent words touched to the quick that flagrant, unblushing injustice which dooms to condign punishment the very guilt that in another sphere and on a grander scale is hailed with acclamation:

"Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema."

While condemning the ordinary malefactor, mankind, blind to the real character of war, may yet a little longer crown the giant actor with glory; a generous posterity may pardon to unconscious barbarism the atrocities which have been waged; but the custom, as organized by existing law, cannot escape the unerring judgment of

reason and religion. The outrages which, under most solemn sanctions, it permits and invokes for professed purposes of justice, cannot be authorized by any human power; and they must rise in overwhelming judgment, not only against those who wield the weapons of battle, but more still against all who uphold its monstrous arbitrament.

When, oh! when shall the Saint Louis of the nations arise,—Christian ruler or Christian people,—who, in the spirit of True Greatness, shall proclaim that henceforward forever the great Trial by Battle shall cease; that these battles shall be abolished throughout the Commonwealth of Civilization; that "a spectacle so degrading" shall never be allowed again to take place; and that it is the duty of nations, involving the highest and wisest policy, to establish love between each other, and, in all respects, at all times, with all persons, whether their own people or the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred Law of Right, as between man and man?

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS

Stephen A. Douglas was born in Vermont in 1813. Owing to poverty, he received but a scanty education, but studied for a time at the academy at Canandaigua, New York. He removed to Illinois in 1833, teaching school for a living, and in 1834 was admitted to the bar. His rise was remarkable, he being in one year from that time elected Attorney-General for Illinois, and in 1835 was made member of the Legislature. In 1840 he was appointed Secretary of State for Illinois, and in the following year was elected as judge of the Supreme Court of the State, but resigned in 1843 in order to become a candidate for election to Congress. He was successful, and served for two successive terms, when he was chosen as Senator. In 1852 Douglas unsuccessfully strove for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He then re-entered the House, and after his defeat for the nomination for the Presidency in 1856, he engaged in a political canvass of Illinois, being opposed by Lincoln, both seeking the position of Senator. Lincoln was defeated, and Douglas took his seat in the senior House. In the Presidential campaign of 1860 the two rivals met once more, and this time Lincoln was the victor. Douglas remained in the Senate after his defeat, and supported the Administration on the outbreak of the Civil War. He died in 1861.

Douglas was a very forceful speaker, and best shone in debate. The joint debates which he held with Lincoln are among the finest specimens of a homely, but effective, style of oratory. Douglas was a very careful and cogent reasoner, quick to take advantage of every opening presented by his opponent, but rarely unguarding his own weak spots.

Forney's *Life of Douglas* (2 vols.) is the best biography of Douglas. See also Curtis's article on his political career in the *North American Review*, vol. ciii.

ON THE NEBRASKA BILL

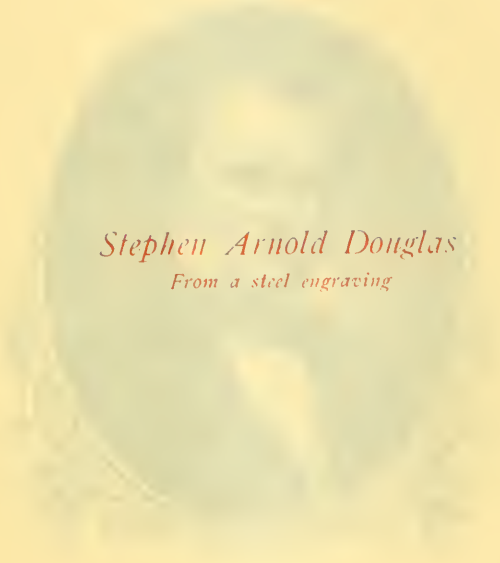
[Selection.] *Douglas.*

The following is the closing portion of Mr. Douglas's speech on the debate concerning the organization of the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas. Mr. Douglas was chairman of the committee, and prepared the bill reported, which he subsequently changed by reporting a substitute, and upon this the debate was fiery, as the ever-recurring slave question was the motive power of the measure proposed. Douglas closed the debate with the speech from which the extract is given, and the bill was passed by a large majority. The speech is too long, as well as too broken by interruption, to be given in full, but the excerpt selected will serve to show the style of the orator of Illinois.

MR PRESIDENT, there is an important fact connected with this slavery resolution which should never be lost sight of. It has always arisen from one and the same cause. Whenever that cause has been removed, the agitation has ceased; and whenever the cause has been renewed, the agitation has sprung into existence. That cause is, and ever has been, the attempt on the part of Congress to interfere with the question of slavery in the Territories and new States formed therefrom. Is it not wise, then, to confine our action within the sphere of our legitimate duties and leave this vexed question to take care of itself in each State and Territory, according to the wishes of the

people thereof, in conformity to the forms and in subjection to the provisions of the Constitution?

The opponents of the bill tell us that agitation is no part of their policy, that their great desire is peace and harmony; and they complain bitterly that I should have disturbed the repose of the country by the introduction of this measure. Let me ask these professed friends of peace and avowed enemies of agitation how the issue could have been avoided? They tell me that I should have let the question alone — that is, that I should have left Nebraska unorganized, the people unprotected, and the Indian barrier in existence, until the swelling tide of emigration should burst through and accomplish by violence what it is the part of wisdom and statesmanship to direct and regulate by law. How long could you have postponed action with safety? How long could you maintain that Indian barrier and restrain the onward march of civilization, Christianity, and free government by a barbarian wall? Do you suppose that you could keep that vast country a howling wilderness in all time to come, roamed over by hostile savages, cutting off all safe communication between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions? I tell you that the time for action has come, and cannot be postponed. It is a case in which the "let-alone" policy would precipitate a crisis which must inevitably result in violence, anarchy, and strife.



Stephen Arnold Douglas

From a steel engraving

DOUGLAS

You cannot fix bounds to the onward march of this great and growing country. You cannot fetter the limbs of the young giant. He will burst all your chains. He will expand, and grow, and increase, and extend civilization, Christianity, and liberal principles. Then, Sir, if you cannot check the growth of the country in that direction, is it not the part of wisdom to look the danger in the face and provide for an event which you cannot avoid? I tell you, Sir, you must provide for continuous lines of settlement from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Ocean. And, in making this provision, you must decide upon what principles the Territories shall be organized: in other words, whether the people shall be allowed to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, according to the provisions of this bill, or whether the opposite doctrine of Congressional interference is to prevail. Postpone it if you will; but, whenever you do act, this question must be met and decided.

The Missouri Compromise was interference; the Compromise of 1850 was non-interference, leaving the people to exercise their rights under the Constitution. The Committee on Territories were compelled to act on this subject. I, as their chairman, was bound to meet the question. I chose to take the responsibility, regardless of consequence personal to myself. I should have done

the same thing last year, if there had been time; but we know, considering the late period at which the bill then reached us from the House, that there was not sufficient time to consider the question fully and to prepare a report upon the subject. I was therefore persuaded by friends to allow the bill to be reported to the Senate, in order that such action might be taken as should be deemed wise and proper.

The bill was never taken up for action, the last night of the session having been exhausted in debate on the motion to take up the bill. This session, the measure was introduced by my friend from Iowa and referred to the Territorial Committee during the first week of the session. We had abundance of time to consider the subject; it was a matter of pressing necessity, and there was no excuse for not meeting it directly and fairly. We were compelled to take our position upon the doctrine either of intervention or non-intervention. We chose the latter, for two reasons: first, because we believed that the principle was right; and, second, because it was the principle adopted in 1850, to which the two great political parties of the country were solemnly pledged.

There is another reason why I desire to see this principle recognized as a rule of action in all time to come. It will have the effect to destroy all sectional parties and sectional agitations. If, in the

language of the report of the committee, you withdraw the slavery question from the halls of Congress and the political arena and commit it to the arbitrament of those who are immediately interested in and alone responsible for its consequences, there is nothing left out of which sectional parties can be organized. It never was done, and never can be done, on the bank, tariff, distribution, or any other party issue which has existed, or may exist, after this slavery question is withdrawn from politics. On every other political question these have always supporters and opponents in every portion of the Union — in each State, county, village, and neighborhood — residing together in harmony and good-fellowship, and combating each other's opinions and correcting each other's errors in a spirit of kindness and friendship. These differences of opinion between neighbors and friends, and the discussions that grow out of them, and the sympathy which each feels with the advocates of his own opinions in every other portion of this widespread Republic, add an overwhelming and irresistible moral weight to the strength of the confederacy.

Affection for the Union can never be alienated or diminished by any other party issues than those which are joined upon sectional or geographical lines. When the people of the North shall all be rallied under one banner, and the whole South

marshalled under another banner, and each section excited to frenzy and madness by hostility to the institutions of the other, then the patriot may well tremble for the perpetuity of the Union. Withdraw the slavery question from the political arena, and remove it to the States and Territories, each to decide for itself,—such a catastrophe can never happen. Then you will never be able to tell by any senator's vote for or against any measure from what State or section of the Union he comes.

Why, then, can we not withdraw this vexed question from politics? Why can we not adopt the principle of this bill as a rule of action in all new territorial organizations? Why can we not deprive these agitators of their vocation, and render it impossible for senators to come here upon bargains on the slavery question? I believe that the peace, the harmony, and perpetuity of the Union require us to go back to the doctrines of the Revolution, to the principles of the Constitution—the Compromise of 1850,—and leave the people, under the Constitution, to do as they may see proper in respect to their own internal affairs.

Mr. President, I have not brought this question forward as a Northern man or as a Southern man. I am unwilling to recognize such divisions and distinctions. I have brought it forward as an American senator, representing a State which is

true to this principle and which has approved of my action in respect to the Nebraska Bill. I have brought it forward not as an act of justice to the South more than to the North. I have presented it especially as an act of justice to the people of those Territories, and of the States to be formed therefrom, now and in all time to come.

I have nothing to say about Northern rights or Southern rights. I know of no such division or distinction under the Constitution. The bill does equal and exact justice to the whole Union, and every part of it; it violates the rights of no State or Territory, but places each on a perfect equality, and leaves the people thereof to the free enjoyment of all their rights under the Constitution.

Now, Sir, I wish to say to our Southern friends that, if they desire to see this great principle carried out, now is their time to rally around it, to cherish it, preserve it, make it the rule of action in all future time. If they fail to do it now, and thereby allow the doctrine of interference to prevail, upon their heads the consequence of that interference must rest. To our Northern friends, on the other hand, I desire to say that, from this day henceforward, they must rebuke the slander which has been uttered against the South, that they desire to legislate slavery into the Territories. The South has vindicated her sincerity, her honor on that point, by bringing forward a provision,

negativing, in express terms, any such effect as the result of this bill. I am rejoiced to know that, while the proposition to abrogate the eighth section of the Missouri Act comes from a free State, the proposition to negative the conclusion that slavery is thereby introduced comes from a slaveholding State. Thus, both sides furnish conclusive evidence that they go for the principle, and the principle only, and desire to take no advantage of any possible misconstruction.

Mr. President, I feel that I owe an apology to the Senate for having occupied their attention so long, and a still greater apology for having discussed the question in such an incoherent and desultory manner. But I could not forbear to claim the right of closing this debate. I thought gentlemen would recognize its propriety when they saw the manner in which I was assailed and misrepresented in the course of this discussion, and especially by assaults still more disreputable, in some portions of the country. These assaults have had no other effect upon me than to give me courage and energy for a still more resolute discharge of duty. I say frankly that, in my opinion, this measure will be as popular at the North as at the South when its provisions and principles shall have been fully developed and become well understood. The people at the North are attached to the principles of self-government; and you

cannot convince them that that is self-government which deprives a people of the right of legislating for themselves and compels them to receive laws which are forced upon them by a legislature in which they are not represented. We are willing to stand upon this great principle of self-government everywhere ; and it is to us a proud reflection that, in this whole discussion, no friend of the bill has urged an argument in its favor which could not be used with the same propriety in a free State as in a slave State, and *vice versa*. But no enemy of the bill has used an argument which would bear repetition one mile across Mason and Dixon's line. Our opponents have dealt entirely in sectional appeals. The friends of the bill have discussed a great principle of universal application, which can be sustained by the same reasons, and the same arguments, in every time and in every corner of the Union.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Mass., in 1811. He received a thorough education, and graduated from Harvard in 1831. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, but met with no success in his profession, for which he was said to have no taste. In 1837 Phillips made a speech on the case of Lovejoy which brought him into public notice and launched him on his career as a champion of abolition. To this cause he devoted his life and energy, and its final triumph was his reward. After the close of the Civil War Phillips turned his attention to the cause of labor, and also became an advocate of temperance reform. He was chosen as the candidate for Governor on the Labor ticket of 1870, but was defeated. He died in 1884.

Phillips was one of the most impassioned of American orators. When carried away by sympathy with his subject he rose to a high pitch of eloquence, and his courage and decision gave him great power over his hearers. His opinions were invariably clear-cut and luminously stated, and he had the gift of carrying with him his audience, however they might, upon mature reflection, differ from his conclusions.

Phillips's speeches have been published by Lee & Shepard. The best biography is that of Martyn.

THE PURITAN PRINCIPLE AND JOHN BROWN

Phillips.

John Brown, whose insurrection at Harper's Ferry stirred the passions of the United States to their depths, was executed for treason and murder on December 2, 1859, and on the 18th of the same month Wendell Phillips delivered an address before the Congregational Society at Boston. The orator was deeply interested in the issue of the time, and he took advantage of the opportunity to deliver a eulogy on one whom he deemed patriot and martyr. The speaker's enthusiasm led him into speech of at least questionable taste at times, as in the comparison which he draws between the Cross of Calvary and the gibbet of John Brown, but the oration is so evidently the outpouring of a sincere conviction that much can be forgiven. It is one of Phillips's most characteristic speeches, and is valuable both for its eloquence and as showing the intensity of the feeling of the troublous times preceding the Civil War.

I THANK God for John Calvin. To be sure, he burned Servetus; but the Puritans, or at least their immediate descendants, hung the witches; George Washington held slaves; and wherever you go up and down history, you find men, not angels. Of course you find imperfect men, but you find great men; men who have marked their own age, and moulded the succeeding; men to whose might of ability, and to whose disinterested suffering for those about them, the succeeding

generations owe the larger share of their blessings; men whose lips and lives God has made the channel through which His choicest gifts come to their fellow-beings. John Calvin was one of these, — perhaps the profoundest intellect of his day, certainly one of the largest statesmen of his generation. His was the statesmanlike mind that organized Puritanism, that put ideas into the shape of institutions, and in that way organized victory, when, under Loyola, Catholicism, availing itself of the shrewdest and keenest machinery, made its reaction assault upon the new idea of the Protestant religion. If in that struggle Western Europe came out victorious, we owe it more to the statesmanship of Calvin than to the large German heart of Luther. We owe to Calvin — at least, it is not unfair to claim, nor improbable in the sequence of events to suppose, that a large share of those most eminent and excellent characteristics of New England, which have made her what she is and saved her from the future, came from the brain of John Calvin.

Luther's biography is to be read in books. The plodding patience of the German intellect has gathered up every trait and every trifle, the minutest, of his life, and you may read it spread out in loving admiration on a thousand pages of biography. Calvin's life is written in Scotland and New England, in the triumphs of the people

Wendell Phillips

From a steel engraving

against priestcraft and power. To him, more than to any other man, the Puritans owed republicanism — the republicanism of the Church. The instinct of his day recognized that clearly, distinguishing this element of Calvinism. You see it in the wit of Charles II., when he said, "Calvinism is a religion unfit for a gentleman." It was unfit for a gentleman of that day, for it was a religion of the people. It recognized — first since the earliest centuries of Christianity — that the heart of God beats through every human heart, and that when you mass up the millions, with their instinctive, fair-play sense of right and their devotional impulses, you get nearer God's heart than from the second-hand scholarship and conservative tendency of what are called the thoughtful and educated classes. We owe this element, good or bad, to Calvinism.

Then, we owe to it a second element, marking the Puritans most largely, and that is action. The Puritan was not a man of speculation. He originated nothing. His principles are to be found broadcast in the centuries behind him. His speculations were all old. You might find them in the lectures of Abelard ; you meet with them in the radicalism of Wat Tyler ; you find them all over the continent of Europe. The distinction between his case and that of others was simply that he practised what he believed. He believed God.

He actually believed Him — just as much as if he saw demonstrated before his eyes the truth of the principle. For it is a very easy thing to say ; the difficulty is to do. If you will tell a man the absolute truth, that if he will plunge into the ocean, and only keep his eyes fixed on heaven, he will never sink,— you can demonstrate it to him, you can prove it to him by weight and measure,— each man of a thousand will believe you, as they say ; and then they will plunge into the water, and nine hundred and ninety-nine will throw up their arms to clasp some straw or neighbor, and sink ; the thousandth will keep his hands by his body, believing God, and float — and he is the Puritan. Every other man wants to get hold of something to stay himself, not on faith in God's eternal principle of natural or religious law, but on his neighbor ; he wants to lean on somebody ; he wants to catch hold of something. The Puritan puts his hands to his side, and his eyes upon heaven, and floats down the centuries —faith personified.

These two elements of Puritanism are, it seems to me, those which have made New England what she is. You see them everywhere developing into institutions. For instance, if there is anything that makes us, and that made Scotland, it is common schools. We got them from Geneva. Luther said, "A wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war." It was the essence of aristocracy.

"Better submit to any evil from above than trust the masses." Calvin no sooner set his foot in Geneva than he organized the people into a constituent element of public affairs. He planted education at the root of the republic. The Puritans borrowed it in Holland and brought it to New England, and it is the sheet-anchor that has held us amid the storms and the temptations of two hundred years. We have a people that can think, a people that can read ; and out of the millions of refuse lumber God selects one in a generation, and he is enough to save a State. One man that thinks for himself is the salt of a generation poisoned with printing ink or cotton dust.

The Puritans scattered broadcast the seeds of thought. They knew it was an error, in counting up the population, to speak of a million souls because there was a million bodies,—as if every man carried a soul ! but they knew, trusting the mercy of God, that by educating all, the martyrs and the saints—that do not travel in battalions, that never came to us in regiments, but come alone, now and then one—would be reached and unfolded, and save their own time. Puritanism, therefore, is action ; it is impersonating ideas ; it is distrusting and being willing to shake off what are called institutions. They were above words ; they went out into the wilderness outside of forms. The consequence was that, throughout their whole

history, there is the most daring confidence in their being substantially right. The consequence is that when Conservatism comes together to-day, whether in the form of a "Union meeting,"—dead men turning in their graves and pretending to be alive,—whether it be in this form, or any other, its occupation is to explain how, a hundred years ago, it was right, and not to see the reflection of a hundred years ago staring them in the face to-day. Like the sitting figure on our coin, they are looking back; they have no eyes for the future. The souls that God touches have their brows gilded by the dawn of the future. A man present at the glorious martyrdom of the second of December said of the hero-saint who marched out of the jail, "He seemed to come, his brow radiant with triumph." It was the dawn of a future day that gilded his brow. He was high enough in the providence of God to catch, earlier than the present generation, the dawn of the day that he was to inaugurate.

This is my idea of Puritan principles. Nothing new in them. How are we to vindicate them? Eminent historians and patriots have told us that the pens of the Puritans are their best witnesses. It does not seem to me so. We are their witnesses. If they lived to any purpose, they produced a generation better than themselves. The true man always makes himself to be outdone by his child.

The vindication of Puritanism is a New England bound to be better than Puritanism ; bound to look back and see its faults, and meet the exigencies of the present day, not with stupid imitation, but with that essential disinterestedness with which they met the exigencies of their time. Take an illustration. When our fathers stood in London, under the corporation charter of Charles, the question was, "Have we a right to remove to Massachusetts ?" The lawyers said, "No." The fathers said : "Yes ; we will remove to Massachusetts, and let law find the reason fifty years hence." They knew they had the substantial right. Their motto was not "Law and Order" ; it was "God and Justice," a much better motto. Unless you take law and order in the highest meaning of the words, it is a base motto,—if it means only recognizing the majority. Crime comes to History gilded and crowned, and says, "I am not Crime, I am Success." And History, written by a soul girded with parchments and stunned with half-a-dozen languages, says : "Yes, thou art Success ; we accept thee." But the faithful soul below cries out : "Thou art Crime ! Avaunt !" There is so much in words.

This is the lesson of Puritanism ; how shall we meet it to-day ? Every age stereotypes its ideas into forms. It is the natural tendency ; and when it is done, every age grows old and dies. It is

God's beneficent providence—death ! When ideas have shaped themselves and become fossil and still, God takes off the weight of the dead men from their age and leaves room for the new bud. It is a blessed institution — death ! But there are men running about who think that those forms which are old and which the experience of the past left them are necessarily right and efficient. They are the Conservatives. The men who hold their ears open for the message of the present hour, they are the Puritans.

I know these things seem very trite ; they are very trite. All truth is trite. The difficulty is not in truth. Truth never stirs up any trouble—mere speculative truth. Plato taught—nobody cared what he taught ; Socrates acted, and they poisoned him. It is when a man throws himself against society that society is startled to persecute and to think. The Puritan did not stop to think ; he recognized God in his soul, and acted. If he had acted wrong, our generation would load down his grave with curses. He took the risk ; he took the curses of the present, but the blessings of the future swept them away, and God's sunlight rests upon his grave. That is what every brave man does. It is an easy thing to say. The old fable is of Sisyphus rolling up a stone, and the moment he gets it up to the mountain-top it rolls back again. So each generation, with much

trouble and great energy and disinterestedness, vindicates for a few of its sons the right to think; and the moment they have vindicated the right the stone rolls back again—nobody else must think! The battle must be fought every day, because the body rebels against the soul. It is the insurrection of the soul against the body—free thought. The gods piled Etna upon the insurgent Titans. It is the emblem of the world piling mountains—banks, gold, cotton, parties, Everetts, Cushings, *Couriers,* everything, dull and heavy—to keep down thought. And ever again, in each generation, the living soul, like the bursting bud, throws up the incumbent soil and finds its way to the sunshine and to God, and is the oak of the future, leaving out, spreading its branches, and sheltering the race and time that are to come.

I hold in my hand the likeness of a child of seventeen summers, taken from the body of a boy, her husband, who lies buried on the banks of the Shenandoah. He flung himself against a State for an idea, the child of a father who lived for an idea, who said, "I know that slavery is wrong; thou shalt do unto another as thou wouldst have another do unto thee,"—and flung himself against the law and order of his time. Nobody can dispute his principles. There are men who dispute his acts. It is exactly what he meant they should do. It is the collision of admitted principles with

conduct which is the teaching of ethics ; it is the normal school of a generation. Puritanism went up and down England and fulfilled its mission. It revealed despotism. Charles I. and James, in order to rule, were obliged to persecute. Under the guise of what seemed government they had hidden tyranny. Patriotism tore off the mask, and said to the enlightened conscience and sleeping intellect of England, "Behold, that is despotism!" It was the first lesson ; it was the text of the English Revolution. Men still slumbered in submission to law. They tore off the semblance of law ; they revealed despotism. John Brown has done the same for us to-day. The slave system has lost its fascination. It had a certain picturesque charm for some. It called itself "chivalry," and "a State." One assault has broken the charm —it is despotism.

Look how barbarous it is ! Take a single instance. A young girl throws herself upon the bosom of a Northern boy who himself had shown mercy, and endeavors to save him from the Christian rifles of Virginia. They tore her off, and the pitiless bullet found the way to the brave young heart. She stands upon the streets of that very town, and dares not avow the motive—glorious humane instinct—that led her to throw herself on the bosom of the hapless boy ! She bows to the despotism of her brutal State, and makes excuses

for her humanity! That is the Christian Virginia of 1859. In 1608 an Indian girl flung herself before her father's tomahawk on the bosom of an English gentleman, and the Indian refrained from touching the English traveller whom his daughter's affection protected. Pocahontas lives to-day the ideal beauty of Virginia, and her proudest names strive to trace their lineage to the brave Indian girl: that was Pagan Virginia, two centuries and a half ago. What has dragged her down from Pocahontas in 1608 to John Brown in 1859, when humanity is disgraceful, and despotism treads it out under its iron heel? Who revealed it?

One brave act of an old Puritan soul, that did not stop to ask what the majority thought, or what forms were, but acted. The revelation of despotism is the great lesson which the Puritan of one month ago has taught us. He has flung himself, under the instincts of a great idea, against the institutions beneath which we sit, and he says, practically, to the world, as the Puritan did: "If I am a felon, bury me with curses. I will trust to a future age to judge between you and me. Posterity will summon the State to judgment, and will admit my principle. I can wait." Men say it is anarchy, that this right of the individual to sit in judgment cannot be trusted. It is the lesson of Puritanism. If the individual criticising law cannot be trusted, then Puritanism is a mistake, for

the sanctity of individual judgment is the lesson of Massachusetts history in 1620 and '30. We accepted anarchy as the safest. The Puritan said: "Human nature is sinful; so the earth is accursed since the Fall; but I cannot find anything better than this old earth to build on; I must put my corner-stone upon it, cursed as it is; I cannot lay hold of the battlements of heaven." So Puritanism said: "Human nature is sinful, but it is the best basis we have got. We will build upon it, and we will trust the influences of God, the inherent gravitation of the race toward right, that it will end right."

I affirm that this is the lesson of our history—that the world is fluid; that we are on the ocean; that we cannot get rid of the people, and we do not want to; that the millions are our basis; and that God has set us this task: "If you want good institutions, do not try to bulwark out the ocean of popular thought; educate it. If you want good laws, earn them." Conservatism says: "I can make my own hearthstone safe; I can build a bulwark of gold and bayonets about it high as heaven and deep as hell, and nobody can touch me, and that is enough." Puritanism says: "It is a delusion; it is a refuge of lies; it is not safe; the waters of popular instinct will carry it away. If you want your own cradle safe, make the cradle of every other man safe and pure. Educate the

people up to the law you want." How? They cannot stop for books. Show them manhood. Show them a brave act. What has John Brown done for us? The world doubted over the horrid word "insurrection," whether the victim had a right to arrest the course of his master, and even, at any expense of blood, to vindicate his rights; and Brown said to his neighbors in the old schoolhouse at North Elba, sitting among the snow, where nothing grows but men, and even wheat freezes: "I can go South, and show the world that he has a right to rise and can rise." He went, girded about by his household, carrying his sons with him. Proof of a life devoted to an idea! Not a single spasmodic act of greatness, coming out with no background, but the flowering of sixty years. The proof of it, that everything around him grouped itself harmoniously, like the planets around the central sun. He went down to Virginia, took possession of a town, and held it. He says: "You thought this was strength; I demonstrate it is weakness. You thought this was civil society; I show you it is a den of pirates." Then he turned around in his sublimity, with his Puritan devotional heart, and said to the millions, "Learn!" And God lifted a million hearts to his gibbet, as the Roman cross lifted a million hearts to it in that divine sacrifice of two thousand years ago. To-day, more than a statesman could have

taught in seventy years, one act of a week has taught eighteen millions of people. That is the Puritan principle.

What shall it teach us? "Go thou and do likewise." Do it by a resolute life; do it by a fearless rebuke; do it by preaching the sermon of which this act is the text; do it by standing by the great example which God has given us; do it by tearing asunder the veil of respectability which covers brutality calling itself law. We had a "Union meeting" in this city a while ago. For the first time for a quarter of a century, political brutality dared to enter the sacredness of the sick-chamber and visit with ridicule the broken intellect, sheltered from criticism under the cover of sickness. Never, since I knew Boston, has any lip, however excited, dared to open the door which God's hand had closed, making the inmate sacred, as he rested under broken health. The four thousand men who sat beneath the speaker are said to have received it in silence. If so, it can only be that they were not surprised at the brutality from such lips. And those who sat at his side,—they judge us by our associates; they criticise us, in general, for the loud word of any comrade. Shall we take the scholar of New England, and drag him down to the level of the brutal Swiss of politics, and judge him indecent because his associates were indecent? I thank God for the opportunity of protesting, in

the name of Boston decency, against the brutal language of a man — thank God, not born on our peninsula — against the noble and benighted intellect of Gerrit Smith.

On that occasion, too, a noble island was calumniated. The New England scholar, bereft of everything else on which to arraign the great movement in Virginia, takes up a lie about St. Domingo, and hurls it in the face of an ignorant audience—ignorant, because no man ever thought it worth while to do justice to the negro. Edward Everett would be the last to allow us to take an English version of Bunker Hill, to take an Englishman's account of Hamilton and Washington as they stood beneath the scaffold of André and read it to an American audience as a faithful description of the scene. But when he wants to malign a race, he digs up from the prejudice of an enemy they had conquered a forgotten lie—showing how weak was the cause he espoused when the opposite must be assailed with falsehood, for it could not be assailed with anything else.

I said that they had gone to sleep, and only turned in their graves—those men in Faneuil Hall. It was not wholly true. The chairman came down from the heart of the Commonwealth, and spoke to Boston safe words in Faneuil Hall, for which he would have been lynched at Richmond, had he uttered them there that evening. Thanks

to God, I said, as I read it, a hunker cannot live in Massachusetts without being wider awake than he imagines. He must imbibe fanaticism. Insurrection is epidemic in the State ; treason is our inheritance. The Puritans planted it in the very structure of the State ; and when their children try to curse a martyr, like the prophet of old, half the curse, at least, turns into a blessing. I thank God for that Massachusetts ! Let us not blame our neighbors too much. There is something in the very atmosphere that stands above the ashes of the Puritans that prevents the most servile of hearts from holding a meeting which the despots of Virginia can relish. They do not know how to be servile within forty miles of Plymouth. They have not learned the part ; with all their wish, they play it awkwardly. It is the old stiff Puritans trying to bend, and they do it with a marvellous lack of grace.

I read encouragement in the very signs, the awkward attempts made to resist this very effort of the glorious martyr of the northern hills of New York. Virginia herself looks into his face, and melts ; she has nothing but praises. She tries to scan his traits ; they are too manly, and she bows. Her press can only speak of his manhood. One has to get outside the influence of his personal presence before the slaves of Virginia can dig up a forgotten Kansas lie and hurl it against the picture

which Virginian admiration has painted. That does not come from Virginia. Northern men volunteer to do the work which Virginia, lifted for a moment by the sight of martyrdom, is unable to accomplish. A Newburyport man comes to Boston, and says that he knows John Brown was at the massacre of Pottawatomie. He was only twenty-five miles off! The Newburyport orator gets within thirty miles of the truth, and that is very near — for him! But Virginia was unable — mark you!—Virginia was unable to criticise. She could only bow. It is the most striking evidence of the majesty of the action.

There is one picture which stands out in bright relief in this event. On that mountain-side of the Adirondack, up among the snows, there is a plain cottage — "plain living and high thinking," as Wordsworth says. Grouped there are a family of girls and boys, the oldest hardly over twenty; sitting supreme, the majestic spirit of a man just entering age, life, one purpose. Other men breed their sons for ambition, avarice, trade; he breeds his for martyrdom, and they accept serenely their places. Hardly a book under that roof but the Bible. No sound so familiar as prayer. He takes them in his right hand and in his left, and goes down to the land of bondage. Like the old Puritans of two hundred years ago, the muskets are on one side and the pikes on the other; but the

morning prayer goes up from the domestic altar as it rose from the lips of Brewster and Carver, and no morsel is ever tasted without that same grace which was made at Plymouth and Salem ; and at last he flings himself against the gigantic system which trembles under his single arm.

You measure the strength of a blow by the force of the rebound. Men thought Virginia a commonwealth ; he reveals it a worse than Austrian despotism. Neighbors dare not speak to each other ; no man can travel on the highway without a passport ; the telegraph wires are sealed, except with a permit ; the State shakes beneath the tramp of cannon and armed men. What does she fear ? Conscience ! The Apostle has come to torment her, and he finds the weakest spot herself. She dares not trust the usual forms of justice. Arraigned in what she calls her court is a wounded man, on a pallet, unable to stand. The civilized world stands aghast. She says, "It is necessary." Why ? "I stand on a volcano. The Titans are heaving beneath the mountains. Thought — the earthquake of conscience — is below me." It is the acknowledgment of defeat. The Roman thought, when he looked upon the cross, that it was the symbol of infamy — only the vilest felon hung there. One sacred sacrifice, and the cross nestles in our hearts, the emblem of everything holy. Virginia erects her gibbet, repul-

sive in name and form. One man goes up from it to God, with two hundred thousand broken fetters in his hands, and henceforth it is sacred forever.

I said that, to vindicate Puritanism, the children must be better than the fathers. Lo, this event! Brewster and Carver and Bradford and Winthrop faced a New England winter and defied law for themselves. For us, their children, they planted and sowed. They said, "Lo! our rights are trodden under foot; our cradles are not safe; our prayers may not ascend to God." They formed a State, and achieved that liberty. John Brown goes a stride beyond them. Under his own roof, he might pray at liberty; his own children wore no fetters. In the catalogue of Saxon heroes and martyrs, the Ridleys and Latimers, he only saw men dying for themselves; in the brave souls of our own day, he saw men good as their fathers; but he leaped beyond them, and died for a race whose blood he did not share. This child of seventeen years gives her husband for a race into whose eyes she never looked. Braver than Carver or Winthrop, more disinterested than Bradford, broader than Hancock or Washington, pure as the brightest names on our catalogue, nearer God's heart — for with a divine magnanimity he comprehended all races, — Ridley and Latimer minister before him. He sits in that heaven of

which he showed us the open door, with the great men of Saxon blood ministering below his feet. And yet they have a right to say, "We created him."

Lord Bacon, as he takes his march down the centuries, may put one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steam-engine, and say: "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." So the Puritans may put one hand on John Brown, and say: "You are ours, though you have gone beyond us, for we taught you to believe in God. We taught you to say, 'God is God,' and trample wicked laws under your feet." And now, from that Virginia gibbet, he says to us: "The maxim I taught you, practise it! The principle I have manifested to you, apply it! If the crisis becomes sterner, meet it! If the battle is closer, be true to my memory! Men say my act was a failure. I showed what I promised, that the slave ought to resist, and could. Sixteen men I placed under the shelter of English law, and then I taught the millions. Prove that my enterprise was not a failure, by showing a North ready to stand behind it. I am willing, in God's service, to plunge with ready martyrdom into the chasm that opens in the Forum; only show yourselves worthy to stand upon my grave!"

It seems to me that this is the lesson of Puritanism, as it is read to us to-day. "Law and order"

are only names for the halting ignorance of the last generation. John Brown is the impersonation of God's order and God's law, moulding a better future, and setting it for an example.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

William Henry Seward was born in New York in 1801. He graduated from Union College in 1820, and in 1822 began the practice of law in Auburn, New York. He soon became noted for energy and ability, as well as independence of thought and action. In 1830 he became a member of the Legislature, and in 1834 was nominated for the governorship, but was defeated. In 1838, however, he was elected to that post, and filled it until 1843, when he declined a renomination. In 1849 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he soon became a leader among his party. In 1850 his speech on the admission of California as a State, when he made use of the oft-quoted expression "There is a higher law than the Constitution," gave him wide reputation. He was made Secretary of State upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, and filled that post for eight years. He died in 1872.

Seward was rarely brilliant in his speeches, nor was his diction always adequate to his theme, sometimes descending to actual colloquialisms. Yet he put into his utterances a virile force which made them always worthy of attention, and he had a peculiarly happy method of characterizing a situation or thing by a few epigrammatic words which were memorable, as when he spoke of the "irrepressible conflict," a phrase which became historic.

Seward's orations and speeches have been published in four volumes (Boston, 1881). His *Life of John Quincy Adams* is his best published work. The best biographies are *William H. Seward* (autobiographical to 1834, and thence continued by his son, F. W. Seward), and *Life of William H. Seward,* by Baker. See also *Lincoln and Seward,* by Welles.

ON SECESSION

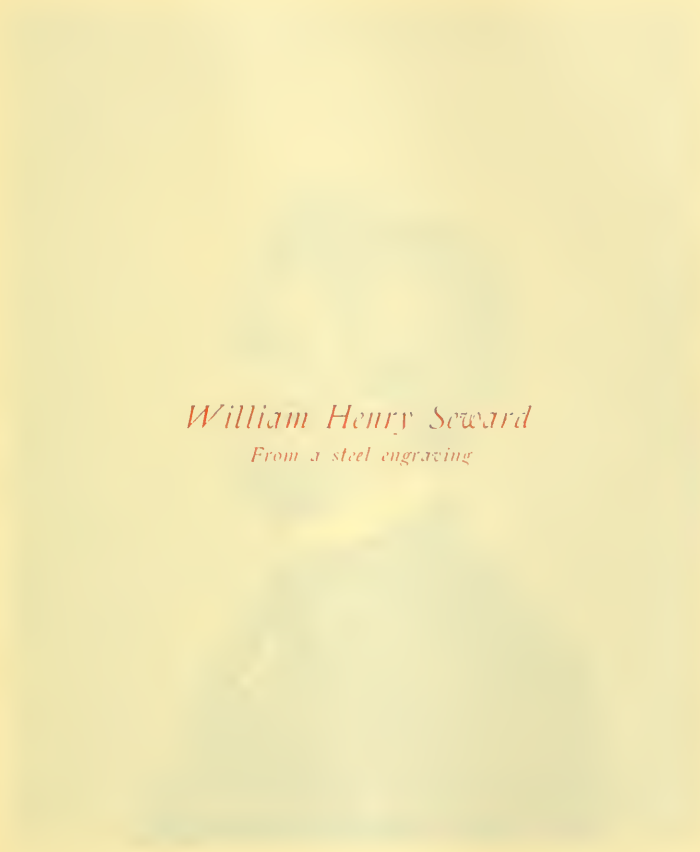
Seward.

The following speech was delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York, celebrated at the Astor House in December, 1860. Mr. Seward had not intended to be present, but on entering the Astor House on his return from Washington, about eleven o'clock in the evening, he was literally seized and forced into the room where the dinner was in progress. There were loud calls for a speech, to which he was compelled to yield, and his words, uttered without preparation and upon a subject so momentous and concerning which he had such peculiar reason to be careful of his utterances, not only give an admirable example of his natural style, but find added interest from the circumstances of their delivery.

THESE are extraordinary times, and extraordinary events are transpiring in our day, and it was men of New England, who lived in a period only two or three times as long ago as the length of the life I have lived,—I remember that these men of New England invented the greatest political discovery of the world—a confederation of republican States in America. The first confederation of republican States in America was the invention of men of New England. The great discovery, after having been in successful operation through many years in the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth, and Connecticut and New Haven, and after having

been sanctioned by the wisdom and experience of Dr. Franklin, came ultimately to be adopted by the people of the thirteen British Colonies of this continent south of the river St. Lawrence. It has been reserved for our day and for this very hour to witness an invention of another kind—of an opposite nature — by a portion of our countrymen residing south of the Potomac.

The Yankees invented confederation—the people of South Carolina have invented secession. The wisdom of the latter is to be tried against the experience of the former. At first glance it exhibits this singular anomaly: a State which has, in the Senate of the United States, two seats, — a State consisting of seven hundred thousand people of all conditions, and of whom two hundred and seventy-four thousand are white, having two seats in the Senate of the United States, equal to the representation of any other State in the Union, and having six members in the House of Representatives, each of them paid three thousand dollars a year out of a treasury to which they contribute a very small part,— going out of the Union to stand by itself, and to send to the Congress of the United States three commissioners, to stand outside of the bar and negotiate for their interests, and be paid by themselves, instead of two senators and six representatives in Congress — equal members with all the representatives in the confederacy. This is



William Henry Seward

From a steel engraving

Melvin H Seward

the experiment which is to be tried. Whether States of North America will find it wise to refuse to occupy seats within the halls of Congress of the United States, to be paid by the United States for going there, and to exercise the powers conferred upon them as such representatives, or in lieu of that send commissioners to present their claims, will be seen in the sequel. This is the latest political invention of the times. I must say to you that I do not think it likely to be followed by many other States on this continent, or to be persevered in long, because it is manifestly very much inferior to the system which already exists.

The State of South Carolina desires to go out of the Union, and just at the moment I am going back to Washington for the purpose of admitting Kansas in. I venture to say further that for every State on this continent which will go out of the Union and stay out, there stand ready at least two States on this continent of North America who will be glad to come in and take their places with us. They will do so for this simple reason, that every State on this continent must be a democratic or republican State. You gentlemen from New England don't like to hear the word "democratic" always, therefore I use the word "republican." No republican State on this continent, or any other, can stand alone; and the reason is a simple one. So much liberty, so much individual independence, so much

scope for rivalry and emulation, are too much of freedom for any one State, standing singly, to maintain. Therefore it is, as you have seen, that the moment it was thought there was to be a break in this great national confederacy, you began to hear at once of secession, not only in South Carolina, but also in California — secession in New England, and last, the secession of New York City and Long Island from the State of New York. Admit the right to dissolve this American Union, and there is no one State which may not choose new associations for either advantage or safety. Renewing perpetually the principles of secession, we shall go on until we are brought into the condition of the people of Central America.

Republican States are like sheaves in the harvest field : put them up singly and they are liable to be blown down by every gust of wind. Stack them together and they defy the fiercest storms ; and so you have seen that these thirteen republican States fell under the conviction severally that they could not stand alone, and so the thirteen came together. What under heaven kept the State of Michigan, the States of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Louisiana — what kept each of these States from setting up in themselves State independence? Nothing but the conviction that no one could stand alone, and so each claimed the right to be united to the other republican States of this continent. So

it was with Texas. She was independent — why did she not remain so? You know how much it tried us to admit her into the Union, but it tried her much harder to stay out so long. Why is not Kansas content to remain out? Simply because of the sympathy and interest which require that all republican States on this continent shall be one. Let South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, or any other State go out, and while she is rushing out you will see Canada and all the Mexican States attempting to rush in. It is the system discovered by our fathers — it is all concentrated in those three words, *E Pluribus Unum.* There is no such thing as one separated from the many republican States.

And now one word concerning the anomalous condition of our affairs — produced by this frenzy of some American States to secede from the Union. It has taken the American people and the world by surprise. Why has it taken them so by surprise? Only because it is unwise and unnatural. It is wise that all the republican States of this continent should be confederated. It is unwise that any of them should attempt to separate, and yet it ought not to have taken us by surprise. Who ever could have imagined that a machine so complicated, so vast, so new, untried as this confederated system of republican States, should be exempt from the common lot of States which have figured

in the history of the world? A more complex system of political government was never devised, never conceived, among men. How strange it is, how unreasonable it is, that we should be surprised that a pin may occasionally drop out of this machinery, and that the wheels shall drag, or that the gudgeon shall be worn until the wheels themselves shall cease to play with their regular activity! What human society was ever exempted from the experience of a necessity of repairing its political system of government for more than a period of seventy years? We have tried it in our State. Every State in this Union is just like the Federal Government. No State is more than seventy years old, and there is not any one State of this Union with a constitution which is more than twenty-five years old — every State has repaired and remodelled its constitution once in every twenty-five years, and it is not certain that any one State can adopt a constitution which will last more than twenty-five years without being repaired and restored. But in our own State the constitution adopted about twenty-five years ago contains a provision that in 1866, without any special appeal to the people whatever, a convention shall come together in the State of New York to make a new constitution. Is it strange, then, that this complex system of our government should be found to work after the lapse of seventy years

a little roughly, and that it requires that the engineer should look into the various parts of the engine and see where the gudgeon is worn out and watch that the main wheel is kept in motion? A child can draw a pin from the mightiest engine and arrest its motion, and the engineer cannot see it when it is being done; but, if the engine be rightly devised, and strongly constructed, he has only to see where the pin has been withdrawn and replace it, and the engine will go on more strongly and more vigorously than ever. We are a family of thirty-three States, and next Monday I hope we are to be a family of thirty-four.

Would it be strange if in a family of thirty-four members there should be, once in the course of a few years, one, or two, or three, or four of the members of the family who would become discontented and wish to withdraw for a while to see how much better they can manage their own fortunes alone? I think nothing strange of that. I only wonder that nobody has ever withdrawn before to see how much better they could get along on their own hooks than to go along in this plain, old-fashioned way under the direction of Uncle Sam. Massachusetts, and some of the New England States, they say, when I was a boy, got the same idea of contumacy toward the common parent and want of affection for the whole family, and they got up the "Hartford Conven-

tion." I hope you don't consider that personal. Well, they say that somebody in Massachusetts, I don't know who, tried it. All that I know is that for the first twenty years of my political life, somehow or other, I was held responsible for the Hartford Convention.

I have made this singular discovery that whereas when Massachusetts, or any New England State, threatens to go out of the Union, the Democratic Party all insist that it is high treason, and one to be punished by coercion, while, when one of the Southern States gets hold of the same idea, the same party think it excusable, and that it is very doubtful whether they ought not to be helped out of the Union and be given a good dowry besides. Now, I believe, among all the truths, that, whether it is Massachusetts or South Carolina or whether it is New York or Louisiana, it will turn out exactly the same way in every case — that there is no such thing in the book — no such thing in reason — no such thing in philosophy — no such thing in nature, as any State existing on the continent of North America long out of the United States of America. Don't believe a word of it — I don't believe it for many reasons — some I have named; and, for one, I don't see any other good reason given for it. The best reason I hear is that the people of some of the Southern States hate us of the free States very badly, and they say that we hate

them, and that all love is lost between us. I don't believe a word of that.

On the other hand, I do know for myself, and for you, that, bating some differences of opinion about advantage, and about proscription, and about freedom and slavery, and all that, they are merely family differences, concerning which we do not take any outsiders in any part of the world into our counsel on either side. There is not a State outside of the American Union that I like half so well as I do the State of South Carolina — neither England, nor Ireland, nor Scotland, nor France, nor even Turkey, although from Turkey they have sent me some Arabian horses, while from South Carolina they send me nothing but curses, still I like South Carolina better than any of them. I do not know but I have a presumption about it. I do not believe if there was anybody to overhear the State of South Carolina when she is talking to herself, but that she would confess that she likes us tolerably well ; and I am very sure that if anybody was to make a descent upon New York to-morrow — whether Louis Napoleon, or the Prince, or his mother, or the Emperor of Russia or Austria — if either of them were to make a descent upon the city of New York to-morrow, I believe all the hills of South Carolina would pour forth their population to the rescue of New York. God knows how this may be, or when the present excitement

may end. I do not pretend to know, I only conjecture ; but this I do know, that if any one of these powers were to make a descent upon Charleston and South Carolina, I know who would go to their rescue. We would all go. We all know that ; everybody knows that ; therefore they do not humbug me with their secession. I do not think they will humbug you, and I do not believe that if they do not humbug you or me they will succeed very long in humbugging themselves.

Now, this is the ultimate result of all this business. These States were always intended to remain together. They always shall. Talk of taking one star out of this glorious constellation ! It is something which cannot be done. I do not see any fewer stars now than I did last winter ; on the contrary, I expect to see more. The question then is, when at this time people are struggling under a delusion that they are getting out of the Union and going to set up for themselves, what are we to do in order to hold them in ? I do not know any better rule than the rule which every good New England man, I suppose, though I have not much acquaintance with New England—every father of a family in New York, who is a sensible man—I suppose New England fathers do the same thing—the rule which they practise. It is this : if a good man wishes to keep his family together it is the easiest thing in the world. When one gets

discontented, begins to quarrel, to complain, does his father quarrel with him, tease him, threaten him, coerce him? No; that is just the way to get rid of a family.

But, on the other hand, if you wish to keep them together, you have only one thing to do: to be patient, kind, forbearing, and wait until they come to reflect for themselves. The South is to us what the wife is to the husband. I do not know a man in the world who cannot get rid of his wife if he tries to do so. I can put him in the way to do it at once. He has only two things to do; one is to be unfaithful to her, the other is to be out of temper with her, and she will be glad to leave him. That is the most simple way. I do not know a man on earth—I do not think but that even Socrates could have got rid of his wife if he desired to do so, in this way; but if he wished to keep his wife, he must keep his virtue and his temper also.

In all this business, I propose that we should keep our own virtue, which in politics consists in remembering that men must differ—that brethren, even of the same family, must differ, and that if we keep entirely cool, and entirely calm, and entirely kind, a debate will ensue, which will be kind of itself, and it will prove to us very soon that either we are wrong, and should make concessions to our offended brothers, or else that we

are right, and they will acquiesce, and come back into fraternal relations with us.

I do not desire to anticipate any questions. We have a great many statesmen who assume to know at once what the South proposes to do ; what the Government proposes to do ; whether they intend to coerce our Southern brethren back into their allegiance. Then they ask us, of course, as they may rightly do, what will be the value of a fraternity which is compulsory? All I have to say on that subject is, that it was so long time ago as in the days of Sir Thomas More, when he made the discovery, and so announced it in his writings, that "there are a great many schoolmasters, but very few who know how to instruct children, and a great many who know how to whip them."

I propose to have no questions on that subject — to hear their complaints — redress them if we can, and expect them to be withdrawn if they are unreasonable. I know that the necessities which created this Union are stronger to-day than they were when the Union was cemented, and that those necessities are as enduring as the passions of man are short-lived and evanescent.

ROBERT TOOMBS

Robert Toombs was born in Georgia in 1810. He graduated at Union College in 1828, studied law, and was admitted to the bar before attaining his majority, a special act of Legislature being passed for this purpose. He soon attained great reputation as an advocate. He served in command of a company of volunteers in the war with the Creek Indians. In 1837 he was elected member of the Legislature, and in 1844 member of Congress. He served for eight years in the House, and in 1853 was chosen as Senator, holding this position until 1861. In January of the latter year he resigned on account of his connection with the movement for Secession, and in March Congress formally expelled him. He became a member of the first Confederate Congress, and was appointed Secretary of State, but resigned to serve in the army as brigadier-general. He served in various military capacities throughout the war, and at its conclusion went abroad, but returned in 1867. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and was thus debarred from a further political career. He died in 1885.

Toombs has been aptly called "the Mirabeau of the South." He was as fiery, and almost as eloquent, as the great French orator, and quite as careless of consequence. He was too extreme and dogmatic in his utterances for these to carry great weight of conviction, but he was consistent and forceful.

The *Life of Robert Toombs,* by Stovall, is the only biography extant, and is well written and interesting.

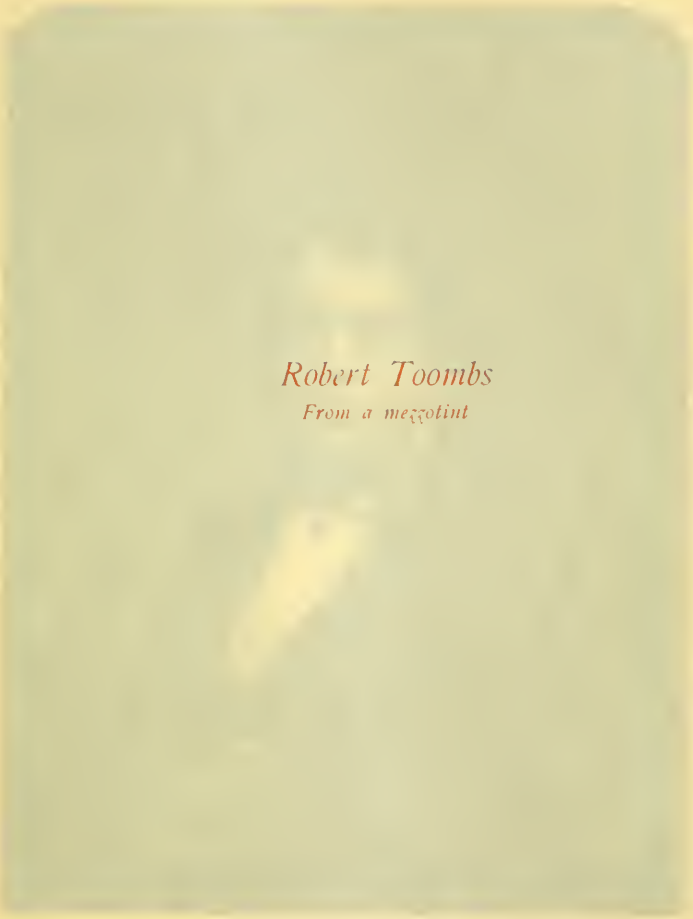
ON SECESSION

[Selection.] *Toombs.*

The following speech was delivered by Mr. Toombs in the United States Senate a few days before his resignation of his seat in that body. It is less fiery than most of the public utterances of the great Georgian, but is in his best style. There is in it a dignity of remonstrance and an earnestness of resolve, expressed in language which is always adequate and often eloquent, which places it upon a high plane.

SENATORS, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and the duties of the Federal Government. I am content, and have ever been content, to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection, while I do not believe it was a good compact, and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition *de novo,* yet I am bound to it by oath and by that common prudence which would induce men to abide by established forms rather than to rush into unknown dangers. I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance; but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the

whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them by declaring "that the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the States, belonged to the States respectively or the people." Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say — and it is so expounded by the publicists — that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government this principle is recognized. It was the blood and the money of the whole people, says the learned Grotius, and say all the publicists, which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all the States, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.



Robert Toombs

From a mezzotint

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then? By yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has always said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for State rights. If that right belongs to independent States, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the States or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets the right to judge for us. Is it in the bond?

The Northern doctrine was, many years ago, that the Supreme Court was the judge. That was their doctrine in 1800. They denounced Madison for the report of 1799 on the Virginia Resolutions; they denounced Jefferson for framing the Kentucky Resolutions, because they were presumed to impugn the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; and they declared that that court was made by the Constitution the ultimate and supreme arbiter. That was the universal judgment,

the declaration of every free State in this Union, in answer to the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, or of all who did answer, even including the State of Delaware, then under Federal control.

The Supreme Court has decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go to the Territories and be protected there with our property. You say, we cannot decide the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us? Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the honorable member from Illinois. I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court. Then you did not accept that arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an arbiter; you will not take the practice of the Government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison; you will not take the opinion of Madison upon the very question of prohibition in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the court, discard our construction, discard the practice of the Government, but you will drive us out, simply because you will it. Come and do it! You have sapped the foundations of society; you have destroyed almost all

hope of peace. In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone becomes at last the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago ; you said so in committee ; every man of you in both Houses says so. What are you going to do ? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us ; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution ; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you : that fact is, freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them ; we have passed that point ; they demand equal rights ; you had better heed the demand.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Jefferson Davis was born in Kentucky in 1808. He graduated at West Point in 1828, serving in the army until 1835. He then became a cotton planter in Mississippi for a time, but in 1845 he was elected to Congress. He resigned his seat in 1846, in order to take command of a regiment during the Mexican War, in which he greatly distinguished himself. In 1847 he represented Mississippi in the Senate, serving until 1851, when he made an unsuccessful attempt to attain the gubernatorial chair. In 1853 he was appointed Secretary of War, and at the expiration of his term was chosen as Senator. He remained in the Senate until January, 1861, when he withdrew in consequence of the secession of Mississippi. In February of the same year he was elected by the Provisional Congress President of the Confederate States, and in 1862 was elected to the same office for the term of six years. At the close of the war he was confined for two years at Fortress Monroe, and then released on $100,000 bail. In 1866 Davis was indicted for treason, but the case was never tried. He retired into private life, and died at New Orleans in 1889.

Davis was a very polished speaker, his broad education and his fine literary taste combining to give him command of a choice and fluent diction. He was impressive and dignified in delivery and language.

The best biographies of Davis are those by his wife and by a friend.

ON WITHDRAWING FROM THE SENATE

Davis.

The twenty-first of January, 1861, was marked by a scene described as "the most impressive and solemn in the annals of the United States of America." It was the withdrawal from the Senate of the Senators from the several Southern States which had seceded from the Union. After several had made brief addresses of farewell, Jefferson Davis rose. His health had not been good, but there were no signs of weakness or undue agitation in his manner. He considered that the principle for which he had long contended was about to be established, and he was ready, as the lifelong advocate of States' rights, to make any sacrifice, bear any burden for the sake of that principle. His speech of farewell was admirable, neither apologetic nor aggressive, but couched throughout in a strain of dignity and solemnity. He calmly defended the position assumed by the State which he represented, and commended her for the course which she had chosen to pursue. He then spoke a few words of personal farewell, and left the Senate, never more to return.

I RISE, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn act of her people in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite

me to go into argument, and my physical condition would not permit me to do so if it were otherwise ; and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the State I here represent, on an occasion so solemn as this.

It is known to Senators who have served with me here that I have for years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause ; if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think that she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counselled them then that if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when the convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted.

I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which

Jefferson Davis
From a steel engraving

it is sought to apply within the Union and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligation, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and when the people of the States, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.

A great man who now reposes with his fathers and who has often been arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union advocated the doctrine of nullification, because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union, his determination to find some remedy for existing ills short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other States, that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful, to be within the limits of State power, not to disturb the Union, but only to be a means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again,

when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government and the inalienable rights of the people of the States will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever.

I therefore say that I concur in the action of the people of Mississippi, believing it to be necessary and proper, and should have been bound by their action if my belief had been otherwise ; and this brings me to the important point which I wish on this last occasion to present to the Senate. It is by this confounding of nullification and secession that the name of the great man whose ashes now mingle with his mother earth has been invoked to justify coercion against a seceded State. The phrase " to execute the laws " was an expression which General Jackson applied to the case of a State refusing to obey the laws while yet a member of the Union. That is not the case which is now presented. The laws are to be executed over the United States, and upon the people of the United States. They have no relation to any foreign country. It is a perversion of terms, at least it is a great misapprehension of the case, which cites that expression for application to a State which has withdrawn from the Union. You may make war on a foreign State. If it be the purpose of gentlemen, they may make war against

a State which has withdrawn from the Union ; but there are no laws of the United States to be executed within the limits of a seceded State. A State finding herself in the condition in which Mississippi has judged she is, in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out of the Union, surrenders all the benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close and enduring), which have bound her to the Union ; and thus divesting herself of every benefit, taking upon herself every burden, she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits.

I well remember an occasion when Massachusetts was arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and when then the doctrine of coercion was rife and to be applied against her because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. My opinion then was the same as it is now. Not in a spirit of egotism, but to show that I am not influenced in my opinion because the case is my own, I refer to that time and that occasion as containing the opinion which I then entertained and on which my present conduct is based. I then said : " If Massachusetts, following her through a stated line of conduct, chooses to take the last step which

separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back, but will say to her Godspeed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States."

It has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has been a belief that we are to be deprived of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi into her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. That Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were declaring their independence; the people of those communities were asserting that no man was born — to use the language of Mr. Jefferson — booted and spurred to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal —meaning the men of the political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families, but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body politic. These were the great principles

they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the end to which their enunciation was directed. They have no reference to the slave; else, how happened it that among the items of arraignment made against George III. was that he endeavored to do just what the North has been endeavoring of late to do: to stir up insurrection among our slaves? Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and equal, how was the Prince to be arraigned for stirring up insurrection among them? And how was this to be enumerated among the high crimes which caused the colonies to sever their connection with the mother country? When our Constitution was formed, the same idea was rendered more palpable, for there we find provision made for that very class of persons as property; they were not put upon the footing of equality with white men, not even upon that of paupers and convicts; but, so far as representation was concerned, were discriminated against as a lower caste, only to be represented in the numerical proportion of three fifths.

Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of

our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope and they hope for peaceful relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God and in our own firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision; but whatever of offence there has been to me I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809, but in 1816 the family removed to Ohio. Lincoln was compelled to work at an early age, and his opportunities for education were few. He pursued various occupations, and in 1834 was elected to the Legislature. In 1836 he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837. He remained in the Legislature until 1842, and in 1847 was elected a member of Congress. In 1858 he held a series of joint debates with Stephen A. Douglas, and this brought him into widespread notice. In 1860 he was elected President of the United States, defeating his old rival, Douglas. Lincoln's administration was marked by the outbreak of the Civil War, which continued throughout his term of office. In 1864 Lincoln was reëlected to the Presidency, but in April, 1865, a few days after the fall of the Confederacy, he was assassinated while attending a theatrical performance, dying in a few hours from the effects of the wound.

Lincoln had no claim to be considered a polished orator. His defective education deprived him of the possibility of cultivating grace of speech. Yet there were few orators who could say as much in a few words, and his strong sense and rigid integrity made his utterances memorable.

There are many able biographies of Lincoln. Among the best are those by Leland (1879) and by Nicolay and Hay (1890).

SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Lincoln.

On June 17, 1858, the Republican Convention which had nominated Mr. Lincoln as candidate for the United States Senate was brought to a close. On that occasion Mr. Lincoln delivered the following speech, which was the opening gun of the campaign between himself and Stephen A. Douglas. The speech is an excellent example of Lincoln's political style, easy yet trenchant; and while it is not as oratorical as the other selections which are given, it is valuable as showing, in connection with them, the range and versatility of this extraordinary man.

MR. PRESIDENT, and Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do

expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Have we no tendency to the latter condition? Let any one who doubts carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination — piece of machinery, so to speak — compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted, but also let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace, the evidences of design and concert of action among its chief architects from the beginning.

The new year of 1854 found slavery excluded from more than half the States by State constitutions, and from most of the national territory by Congressional prohibition. Four days later commenced the struggle which ended in repealing that Congressional prohibition. This opened all the national territory to slavery, and was the first point gained.

But, so far, Congress only had acted; and an endorsement by the people, real or apparent, was

Abraham Lincoln
From a steel engraving

indispensable to save the point already gained and give chance for more.

This necessity had not been overlooked, but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of "squatter sovereignty," otherwise called "sacred right of self-government"; which latter phrase, though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in this attempted use of it as to amount to just this: That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object. That argument was incorporated into the Nebraska Bill itself, in the language which follows: "It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Then opened the roar of loose declamation in favor of "squatter sovereignty" and "sacred right of self-government." "But," said opposition members, "let us amend the bill so as to expressly declare that the people of the Territory may exclude slavery." "Not we," said the friends of the measure; and down they voted the amendment.

While the Nebraska Bill was passing through Congress, a law case involving the question of a negro's freedom, by reason of his owner having

voluntarily taken him first into a free State and then into a Territory covered by the Congressional prohibition and held him as a slave for a long time in each, was passing through the U. S. Circuit Court for the District of Missouri; and both Nebraska Bill and lawsuit were brought to a decision in the same month of May, 1854. The negro's name was Dred Scott, which now designates the decision finally made in the case. Before the then next Presidential election, the law case came to, and was argued in, the Supreme Court of the United States; but the decision of it was deferred until after the election. Still, before the election, Senator Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, requested the leading advocate of the Nebraska Bill to state his opinion whether the people of a Territory can constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits; and the latter answers, "That is a question for the Supreme Court."

The election came. Mr. Buchanan was elected, and the endorsement, such as it was, secured. That was the second point gained. The endorsement, however, fell short of a clear popular majority by nearly four hundred thousand votes, and so, perhaps, was not overwhelmingly reliable and satisfactory. The outgoing President, in his last annual message, as impressively as possible echoed back upon the people the weight and authority of the endorsement. The Supreme Court met again,

did not announce their decision, but ordered a re-argument. The presidential inauguration came, and still no decision of the court; but the incoming President, in his inaugural address, fervently exhorted the people to abide by the forthcoming decision, whatever it might be. Then, in a few days, came the decision.

The reputed author of the Nebraska Bill finds an early occasion to make a speech at this capital endorsing the Dred Scott decision and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, too, seizes the early occasion of the Silliman letter to endorse and strongly construe that decision, and to express his astonishment that any different view had ever been entertained!

At length a squabble springs up between the President and the author of the Nebraska Bill on the mere question of fact, whether the Lecompton Constitution was, or was not, in any just sense, made by the people of Kansas; and in that quarrel the latter declares that all he wants is a fair vote for the people, and that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up. I do not understand his declaration that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up to be intended by him other than as an apt definition of the policy he would impress upon the public mind—the principle for which he declares he has suffered so much and is ready to suffer to the end. And

well may he cling to that principle. If he has any parental feeling, well may he cling to it. That principle is the only shred left of his original Nebraska doctrine. Under the Dred Scott decision "squatter sovereignty" squatted out of existence, tumbled down like temporary scaffolding,—like the mould at the foundry, served through one blast and fell back into loose sand,—helped to carry an election, and then was kicked to the winds. His late joint struggle with the Republicans against the Lecompton Constitution involves nothing of the original Nebraska doctrine. That struggle was made on a point—the right of a people to make their own constitution—upon which he and the Republicans have never differed.

The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas's "care not" policy, constitute the piece of machinery, in its present state of advancement. This was the third point gained. The working points of that machinery are :

First, That no negro slave, imported as such from Africa, and no descendant of such slave, can ever be a citizen of any State, in the sense of that term as used in the Constitution of the United States. This point is made in order to deprive the negro, in every possible event, of the benefit of that provision of the United States Constitution which declares that "the citizens of each State

shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Secondly, That "subject to the Constitution of the United States," neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature can exclude slavery from any United States territory. This point is made in order that individual men may fill up the Territories with slaves without danger of losing them as property, and thus to enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

Thirdly, That whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free State makes him free, as against the holder, the United States courts will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave State the negro may be forced into by the master. This point is made, not to be pressed immediately, but if acquiesced in for a while and apparently endorsed by the people at an election, then to sustain the logical conclusion that what Dred Scott's master might lawfully do with Dred Scott, in the free State of Illinois, every other master may lawfully do with every other one, or one thousand, slaves, in Illinois or in any other free State.

Auxiliary to all this, and working hand in hand with it, the Nebraska doctrine, or what is left of it, is to educate and mould public opinion—at least Northern public opinion—not to care whether

slavery is voted down or voted up. This shows exactly where we now are; and partially, also, whither we are tending.

It will throw additional light on the latter to go back and run the mind over the string of historical facts already stated. Several things will now appear less dark and mysterious than they did when they were transpiring, The people were to be left "perfectly free," "subject only to the Constitution." What the Constitution had to do with it, outsiders could not then see. Plainly enough now, it was an exactly fitted niche for the Dred Scott decision to afterward come in and declare the perfect freedom of the people to be just no freedom at all. Why was the amendment expressly declaring the right of the people voted down? Plainly enough now, the adoption of it would have spoiled the niche for the Dred Scott decision. Why was the court decision held up? Why even a senator's individual opinion withheld till after the Presidential election? Plainly enough now, the speaking out then would have damaged the perfectly free argument upon which the election was to be carried. Why the outgoing President's felicitation on the endorsement? Why the delay of a reargument? Why the incoming President's advance exhortation in favor of the decision? These things look like cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to

mounting him, when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall. And why the hasty after-endorsement of the decision by the President and others ?

We cannot absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know to have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance,—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortices exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few—not omitting even scaffolding ; or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such a piece in ; in such a case, we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draught, drawn up before the first blow was struck.

It should not be overlooked that by the Nebraska Bill the people of a State as well as Territory were to be left "perfectly free," "subject only to the Constitution." Why mention a State ? They were legislating for Territories, and not for

or about States. Certainly the people of a State are, and ought to be, subject to the Constitution of the United States ; but why is mention of this lugged into this merely Territorial law ? Why are the people of a Territory and the people of a State therein lumped together, and their relation to the Constitution therein treated as being precisely the same ? While the opinion of the court, by Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott Case, and the separate opinions of all the concurring judges, expressly declare that the Constitution of the United States neither permits Congress nor a Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery from any United States Territory, they all omit to declare whether or not the same Constitution permits a State, or the people of a State, to exclude it. Possibly, this is a mere omission ; but who can be quite sure, if McLean or Curtis had sought to get into the opinion a declaration of unlimited power in the people of a State to exclude slavery from their limits, just as Chase and Mace sought to get such a declaration, in behalf of the people of a Territory, into the Nebraska Bill, — I ask, who can be quite sure that it would not have been voted down in the one case as it had been in the other ? The nearest approach to the point of declaring the power of a State over slavery is made by Judge Nelson. He approaches it more than once, using the precise idea, and almost the language, too, of the Ne-

braska Act. On one occasion, his exact language is: "Except in cases where the power is restrained by the Constitution of the United States, the law of the State is supreme over the subject of slavery within its jurisdiction." In what cases the power of the States is so restrained by the United States Constitution is left an open question, precisely as the same question, as to the restraint on the power of the Territories, was left open in the Nebraska Act. Put this and that together, and we have another nice little niche, which we may ere long see filled with another Supreme Court decision, declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a State to exclude slavery from its limits. And this may especially be expected if the doctrine of "care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up" shall gain upon the public mind sufficiently to give promise that such a decision can be maintained when made.

Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. Welcome or unwelcome, such decision is probably coming, and will soon be upon us, unless the power of the present political dynasty shall be met and overthrown. We shall lie down pleasantly dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their State free, and we shall awake to the reality instead, that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State. To meet and overthrow the

power of that dynasty is the work now before all those who would prevent that consummation. That is what we have to do. How can we best do it?

There are those who denounce us openly to their own friends, and yet whisper us softly that Senator Douglas is the aptest instrument there is with which to effect that object. They wish us to infer all, from the fact that he now has a little quarrel with the present head of the dynasty, and that he has regularly voted with us on a single point, upon which he and we have never differed. They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted. But "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Judge Douglas, if not a dead lion, is at least a caged and toothless one. How can he oppose the advances of slavery? He don't care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the "public heart" to care nothing about it. A leading Douglas Democratic newspaper thinks Douglas's superior talent will be needed to resist the revival of the African slave-trade. Does Douglas believe an effort to revive that trade is approaching? He has not said so. Does he really think so? But, if it is, how can he resist it? For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new Territories. Can he possibly show that it is less

a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than in Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property; and as such, how can he oppose the foreign slave-trade — how can he refuse that trade in that "property" shall be "perfectly free" — unless he does it as a protection to the home production? And as the home producers will probably not ask the protection, he will be wholly without a ground of opposition.

Senator Douglas holds, we know, that a man may rightfully be wiser to-day than he was yesterday — that he may rightfully change when he finds himself wrong. But can we for that reason run ahead, and infer that he will make any particular change of which he himself has given no intimation? Can we safely base our action upon any such vague inference? Now, as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Senator Douglas's position, question his motives, or do aught that can be personally offensive to him. Whenever — if ever — he and we can come together on principle, so that our cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But, clearly, he is not now with us — he does not pretend to be — he does not promise ever to be.

Our cause, then, must be intrusted to, and conducted by, its own undoubted friends — those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do not care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements, we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then, to falter now — now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail; if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes delay it; but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Lincoln.

The short speech known as the "Gettysburg Address" is the noblest of Lincoln's public utterances. It was delivered on November 19, 1863, while the Civil War was yet in progress. Yet it is utterly free from any spirit of animosity to foes; it breathes only the devotion of a nation to those who had died in its behalf. There is in this brief speech a beauty and pathos which cause it to rival any of the more ornate orations delivered on similar occasions.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far

above our power to add or detract. The world will little know, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Lincoln.

In Lincoln's address delivered upon the occasion of his second inauguration, as in that delivered at Gettysburg, there is a peculiar solemnity and even sadness. The former is also marked with a pervading tenderness, a broad charity of thought, which is as characteristic of the speaker as it was uncharacteristic of the time. But there is also a grand earnestness, a fixed resolve, which was of the nature of the President. The peroration, with its noble beginning, is equal to the finest flights of oratory ever heard in America, and both of the quoted speeches are examples of the possibility of the triumph of natural ability and feeling over the trammels set by a lack of educational advantages.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: — At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfac-

tory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war —seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked

for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago,

so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. He received his early education at home, and in 1826 entered the Boston Latin School. He graduated from Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology in Lane Seminary. In 1847, having previously been in charge of various Presbyterian churches, he was called to Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, where he soon became noted for his eloquence. He was a steadfast and enthusiastic member of the Republican party from its inception, and it was largely owing to his influence that the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, the time being generally considered unpropitious. In 1863 Mr. Beecher travelled in Europe, and in England addressed large audiences on the subject of slavery and the Civil War. His last speech in public was in 1887, a month before his death, which occurred in March of that year.

Beecher was an extremely effective speaker. He seemed to divine the exact need of his audience and measure his words by that need. At times his language was flowery, at times plain to baldness ; but it was always suited to the occasion and auditory.

Beecher's works have been published in many accessible editions. The best biography is that by Lyman Abbott, new ed., 1887.

SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL

[Selection.] *Beecher.*

The following speech is an excellent example of the political style of Mr. Beecher. It was delivered at Liverpool, England, on October 16, 1863. There had been great opposition to Mr. Beecher ; placards had been posted in the streets, inciting hostility to him, and there were present in the hall a number of people who kept up a continual disturbance. The effect of the many interruptions is discernible in the speech, making it fragmentary in parts, and in others interfering with the construction of the sentences. It has not been thought necessary to note the interruptions,— some of which can readily be perceived from the context,— and some elisions have been made to promote continuity ; but the portions of the speech which have been selected are sufficient to give an admirable idea of the style of Mr. Beecher in political address, even when struggling against the gravest difficulties.

FOR more than twenty-five years I have been made perfectly familiar with popular assemblies in all parts of my country except the extreme South. There has not for the whole of that time been a single day of my life when it would have been safe for me to go south of Mason and Dixon's line in my own country, and all for one reason — my solemn, earnest, persistent testimony against that which I consider to be the most atrocious thing under the sun : the system of American slavery in a great free republic. I have passed through that early period when right of free speech was

denied to me. Again and again I have attempted to address audiences that, for no other crime than that of free speech, visited me with all manner of contumelious epithets; and now since I have been in England, although I have met with greater kindness and courtesy on the part of most than I deserved, yet, on the other hand, I perceive that the Southern influence prevails to some extent in England. It is my old acquaintance; I understand it perfectly; and I have always held it to be an unfailing truth that where a man had a cause that would bear examination he was perfectly willing to have it spoken about. And when in Manchester I saw those huge placards, "Who is Henry Ward Beecher?" and when in Liverpool I was told that there were those blood-red placards, purporting to say what Henry Ward Beecher had said, and calling upon Englishmen to suppress free speech, I tell you what I thought; I thought simply this: "I am glad of it." Why? Because if they had felt perfectly secure that you are the minions of the South and the slaves of slavery they would have been perfectly still. And therefore when I saw so much nervous apprehension that, if I were permitted to speak — when I found they were afraid to have me speak — when I found that they considered my speaking damaging to their cause — when I found that they appealed from facts and reasonings to mob law — I said:

"No man need tell me what the heart and secret counsel of these men are. They tremble and are afraid." Now, personally, it is a matter of very little consequence to me whether I speak here to-night or not. But one thing is very certain: if you do permit me to speak here to-night you will hear very plain talking. You will not find me to be a man that dared to speak about Great Britain three thousand miles off, and then is afraid to speak to Great Britain when he stands on her shores. And, if I do not mistake the tone and temper of Englishmen, they had rather have a man who opposes them in a manly way than a sneak that agrees with them in an unmanly way. Now, if I can carry you with me by sound convictions, I shall be immensely glad; but if I cannot carry you with me by facts and arguments, I do not wish you to go with me at all; and all that I ask is simply fair play. . . .

There are two dominant races in modern history, the Germanic and the Romanic races. The Germanic races tend to personal liberty, to a sturdy individualism, to civil and to political liberty. The Romanic race tends to absolutism in government; it is clannish; it loves chieftains; it develops a people that crave strong and showy Governments to support and plan for them. The Anglo-Saxon race belongs to the great German family, and is a fair exponent of its peculiarities. The Anglo-

Saxon carries self-government and self-development with him, wherever he goes. He has popular government and popular industry ; for the effects of a generous civil liberty are not seen a whit more plainly in the good order, in the intelligence, and in the virtue of a self-governing people than in their amazing enterprise and the scope and power of their creative industry. The power to create riches is just as much a part of the Anglo-Saxon virtues as the power to create good order and social safety. The things required for prosperous labor, prosperous manufactures, and prosperous commerce are three : first, liberty ; second, liberty ; third, liberty,—though these are not merely the same liberty, as I shall show you. First, there must be liberty to follow those laws of business which experience has developed, without imposts or restrictions or governmental intrusions. Business simply wants to be let alone. Then, secondly, there must be liberty to distribute and exchange products of industry in any market without burdensome tariffs, without imposts, and without vexatious regulations. There must be these two liberties : liberty to create wealth, as the makers of it think best, according to the light and experience which business has given them ; and then liberty to distribute what they have created without unnecessary vexatious burdens. The comprehensive law of the ideal industrial con-

dition of the world is free manufacture and free trade. I have said there were three elements of liberty. The third is the necessity of an intelligent and free race of customers. There must be freedom among producers; there must be freedom among the distributors; there must be freedom among the customers. It may not have occurred to you that it makes any difference what one's customers are, but it does in all regular and prolonged business. The condition of the customer determines how much he will buy, determines of what sort he will buy. Poor and ignorant people buy little, and that of the poorest kind. The richest and the intelligent, having the more means to buy, buy the most and always buy the best. Here, then, are the three liberties: liberty of the producer, liberty of the distributor, and liberty of the consumer. The first two need no discussion; they have been long thoroughly and brilliantly illustrated by the political economists of Great Britain and by her eminent statesmen; but it seems to me that enough attention has not been directed to the third; and, with your patience, I will dwell upon that for a moment before proceeding to other topics.

It is a necessity of every manufacturing and commercial people that their customers should be very wealthy and intelligent. Let us put the subject before you in the familiar light of your own

local experience. To whom do the tradesmen of Liverpool sell the most goods at the highest profit? To the ignorant and poor, or to the educated and prosperous? The poor man buys simply for his body; he buys food, he buys clothing, he buys fuel, he buys lodging. His rule is to buy the least and the cheapest that he can. He goes to the store as seldom as he can; he brings away as little as he can; and he buys for the least he can. Poverty is not a misfortune to the poor man only who suffers it, but it is more or less a misfortune to all with whom he deals. On the other hand, a man well off—how is it with him? He buys in far greater quantity. He can afford to do it; he has the money to pay for it. He buys in far greater variety, because he seeks to gratify not merely physical wants, but also mental wants. He buys for the satisfaction of sentiment and taste, as well as of sense. He buys silk, wool, flax, cotton; he buys all metals—iron, silver, gold, platinum; in short, he buys for all necessities and all substances. But that is not all. He buys a better quality of goods. He buys richer silks, finer cottons, higher-grade wools. Now, a rich silk means so much skill and care of somebody's that has been expended upon it to make it finer and richer; and so of cotton, and so of wool. That is, the price of the finer goods runs back to the very beginning, and remunerates the workman as well as the mer-

chant. Now, the whole laboring community is as much interested and profited as the mere merchant in this buying and selling of the higher grades in the greater varieties and quantities. The law of price is the skill; and the amount of skill expended in the work is as much for the market as are the goods. A man comes to market, and says, "I have a pair of hands," and he obtains the lowest wages. Another man comes, and says: "I have something more than a pair of hands; I have truth and fidelity." He gets a higher price. Another man comes, and says: "I have something more; I have hands, and strength, and fidelity, and skill." He gets more than either of the others. The next man comes, and says: "I have got hands, and strength, and skill, and fidelity; but my hands work more than that. They know how to create things for the fancy, for the affections, for the moral sentiments"; and he gets more than either of the others. The last man comes, and says: "I have all these qualities, and have them so highly that it is a peculiar genius"; and genius carries the whole market and gets the highest price. So that both the workman and merchant are profited by having purchasers that demand quality, variety, and quantity. Now, if this be so in the town or the city, it can only be so because it is a law. This is the specific development of a general or universal law, and therefore we should

expect to find it as true of a nation as of a city like Liverpool. I know that it is so, and you know that it is true of all the world ; and it is just as important to have customers educated, intelligent, moral, and rich out of Liverpool as it is in Liverpool. They are able to buy : they want variety, they want the very best ; and those are the customers you want. That nation is the best customer that is freest, because freedom works prosperity, industry, and wealth. Great Britain, then, aside from moral considerations, has a direct commercial and pecuniary interest in the liberty, civilization, and wealth of every nation on the globe. You also have an interest in this because you are a moral and religious people. You desire it from the highest motives ; and godliness is profitable in all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come ; but if there were no hereafter, and if man had no progress in this life, and if there were no question of civilization at all, it would be worth your while to protect civilization and liberty merely as a commercial speculation. To evangelize has more than a moral and religious import ; it comes back to temporal relations. Wherever a nation that is crushed, cramped, degraded under despotism is struggling to be free, you, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Paisley, all have an interest that that nation should be free. When depressed and backward people

demand that they may have a chance to rise,—Hungary, Italy, Poland,—it is a duty for humanity's sake, it is a duty for the highest moral motives, to sympathize with them; but, besides all these, there is a material and an interested reason why you should sympathize with them. Pounds and pence join with conscience and with honor in this design. Now, Great Britain's chief want is—what?

They have said that your chief want is cotton. I deny it. Your chief want is consumers. You have got skill, you have got capital, and you have got machinery enough to manufacture goods for the whole population of the globe. You could turn out fourfold as much as you do, if you only had the market to sell in. It is not so much the want, therefore, of fabric, though there may be a temporary obstruction of it; but the principal and increasing want—increasing from year to year—is, where shall we find men to buy what we can manufacture so fast? Before the American war broke out, your warehouses were loaded with goods that you could not sell. You had over-manufactured; what is the meaning of overmanufacturing, but this: that you had skill, capital, machinery, to create, faster than you had customers to take off your hands? And you know that rich as Great Britain is, vast as are her manufactures, if she could have fourfold the present demand she

could make fourfold riches to-morrow ; and every political economist will tell you that your want is not cotton primarily, but customers. Therefore the doctrine, how to make customers, is a great deal more important to Great Britain than the doctrine, how to raise cotton. It is to that doctrine I ask from you, business men, practical men, men of fact, sagacious Englishmen—to that point I ask a moment's attention. There are no more continents to be discovered. The market of the future must be found—how ? There is very little hope of any more demand being created by new fields. If you are to have a better market, there must be some kind of process invented to make the old fields better. Let us look at it, then. You must civilize the world in order to make a better class of purchasers. If you were to press Italy down again under the feet of despotism, Italy, discouraged, could draw but very few supplies from you. But give her liberty, kindle schools throughout her valleys, spur her industry, make treaties with her by which she can exchange her wine, and her oil, and her silk for your manufactured goods, and for every effort that you make in that direction there will come back profit to you by increased traffic with her. If Hungary asks to be an unshackled nation—if by freedom she will rise in virtue and intelligence, then by freedom she will acquire a more multifarious industry, which

she will be willing to exchange for your manufactures. Her liberty is to be found—where ? You will find it in the Word of God, you will find it in the code of history ; but you will also find it in the price current. And every free nation, every civilized people, every people that rises from barbarism to industry and intelligence, becomes a better customer.

A savage is a man of one storey, and that one storey a cellar. When a man begins to be civilized, he raises another storey. When you christianize and civilize the man you put storey upon storey, for you develop faculty after faculty ; and you have to supply every storey with your productions. The savage is a man one storey deep ; the civilized man is thirty storeys deep. Now, if you go to a lodging-house where there are three or four men, your sales to them may, no doubt, be worth something ; but if you go to a lodging-house like some of those which I saw in Edinburgh, which seemed to contain about twenty storeys, every storey of which is full, and all who occupy buy of you—which is the better customer, the man who is drawn out, or the man who is pinched up ? Now, there is in this a great and sound principle of economy. If the South should be rendered independent——. You have had your turn now ; now let me have mine again. It is a little inconvenient to talk against the wind ; but, after all, if you will

just keep good-natured—I am not going to lose my temper; will you watch yours? Besides all that, it rests me, and gives me a chance, you know, to get my breath. And I think that the bark of those men is worse than their bite. They do not mean any harm—they don't know any better. I was saying, when these responses broke in, that it was worth our while to consider both alternatives. What will be the result if this present struggle shall eventuate in the separation of America and making the South a slave territory exclusively, and the North a free territory: what will be the final result? You will lay the foundation for carrying the slave population clear through to the Pacific Ocean. This is the first step. There is not a man that has been a leader of the South any time within these twenty years that has not had this for a plan. It was for this that Texas was invaded, first by colonists, next by marauders, until it was wrested from Mexico. It was for this that they engaged in the Mexican war itself, by which the vast territory reaching to the Pacific was added to the Union. Never have they for a moment given up the plan of spreading the American institution, as they call it, straight through towards the West, until the slave who has washed his feet in the Atlantic shall be carried to wash them in the Pacific. There! I have got that statement out, and you cannot put it back.

Now let us consider the prospect. If the South become a slave empire, what relation will it have to you as a customer? It would be an empire of twelve millions of people. Of these, eight millions are white and four millions black. Consider that one third of the whole are the miserably poor, unbuying blacks. You do not manufacture much for them. You have not got machinery coarse enough. Your labor is too skilled by far to manufacture bagging and linsey-woolsey. One other third consists of a poor, unskilled, degraded white population; and the remaining one third—which is a large allowance—we will say, intelligent and rich. Now, here are twelve millions of people, and only one third of them are customers that can afford to buy the kind of goods that you bring to market. . . . Two thirds of the population of the Southern States to-day are non-purchasers of English goods. You must recollect another fact, namely, that this is going on clear through to the Pacific Ocean; and if by sympathy or help you establish a slave empire, you sagacious Britons—if you like it better, then, I will leave the adjective out—are busy in favoring the establishment of an empire from ocean to ocean that should have fewest customers and the largest non-buying population. . . .

Here, then, so far as this argument is concerned, I rest my case, saying that it seems to me that in an argument addressed to a commercial people it

was perfectly fair to represent that their commercial and manufacturing interests tallied with their moral sentiments; and as by birth, by blood, by history, by moral feeling, and by everything, Great Britain is connected with the liberty of the world, God has joined interest and conscience, head and heart; so that you ought to be in favor of liberty everywhere. There! I have got quite a speech out already, if I do not get any more.

Now then, leaving this for a time, let me turn to some other nearly connected topics. It is said that the South is fighting for just that independence of which I have been speaking. But the South is divided on that subject. There are twelve millions in the South. Four millions of them are asking for their liberty. Eight millions are banded together to prevent it. That is what they asked the world to recognize as a strike for independence. Eight million white men fighting to prevent the liberty of four million black men, challenging the world. You cannot get over the fact. There it is; like iron, you cannot stir it. They went out of the Union because slave-property was not recognized in it. There were two ways of reaching slave-property in the Union: the one by exerting the direct Federal authority; but they could not do that, for they conceived it to be forbidden. The second was by indirect influence. If you put a candle under a bowl it will

burn so long as the fresh air lasts, but it will go out as soon as the oxygen is exhausted ; and so, if you put slavery into a State where it cannot get more States, it is only a question of time how soon it will die. By limiting slave territory you lay the foundation for the final extinction of slavery. Gardeners say that the reason why crops will not grow in the same ground for a long time together is that the roots excrete poisoned matter which the plants cannot use, and thus poison the grain. Whether this is true of crops or not, it is certainly true of slavery, for slavery poisons the land on which it grows. Look at the old Slave States, — Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, — and even at the newer State of Missouri. What is the condition of slavery in those States ? It is not worth one cent, except to breed. It is not worth one cent so far as productive energy goes. They cannot make money by their slaves in those States. The first reason with them for maintaining slavery is, because it gives political power ; and the second, because they breed for the Southern market. I do not stand on my own testimony alone. The editor of the *Virginia Times,* in the year 1836, made a calculation that a hundred and twenty thousand slaves were sent out of the State during that year, eighty thousand of whom went with their owners, and forty thousand were sold, at the average price of

six hundred dollars, amounting to twenty-four million dollars in one year out of the State of Virginia. Now what does Henry Clay, himself a slave-owner, say about Kentucky? In a speech before the Colonization Society, he said: "It is believed that nowhere in the farming portion of the United States would slave-labor be generally employed, if the proprietary were not compelled to raise slaves by the high price of the Southern market"; and the only profit of slave-property in the Northern farming Slave States is the value they bring. So that if you were to limit slavery, and to say it shall go so far and no farther, it would be only a question of time when it should die of its own intrinsic weakness and disease. This was the Northern feeling. The North was true to the doctrine of constitutional rights. The North refused, by any Federal action within the States, to violate the compacts of the Constitution, and left local compacts unimpaired; but, feeling herself unbound with regard to what we call the Territories,—free land which has not yet State rights,—the North said there should be no more territory cursed with slavery. With unerring instinct the South said: "The government administered by Northern men on the principle that there shall be no more slave territory is a government fatal to slavery"; and it was on that account that they seceded; and the first step which they took

when they assembled at Montgomery was to adopt a constitution. What constitution did they adopt? The same form of constitution which they had just abandoned. What changes did they introduce? A trifling change about the Presidential term, making it two years longer; a slight change about some doctrine of legislation, involving no principle whatever, but merely a question of policy. But by the constitution of Montgomery they legalized slavery and made it the organic law of the land. The very constitution which they said they could not live under when they left the Union, they took again immediately afterwards, altering it in only one point, and that was, making the fundamental law of the land to be slavery. Let no man undertake to say in the face of intelligence — let no man undertake to delude an honest community, by saying that slavery had nothing to do with the secession. Slavery is the framework of the South: it is the root and the branch of this conflict with the South. Take away slavery from the South, and she would not differ from us in any respect. There is not a single antagonistic interest. There is no difference of race, no difference of language, no difference of law, no difference of constitution; the only difference between us is that free labor is in the North, and slave labor is in the South.

But I know that you say you cannot help sympathizing with a gallant people. They are the

weaker people, the minority ; and you cannot help going with the minority who are struggling for their rights against the majority. Nothing could be more generous, when a weak party stands for its own legitimate rights against imperious pride and power, than to sympathize with the weak. But who ever yet sympathized with a weak thief because three constables had got hold of him ? And yet the one thief in three policemen's hands is the weaker party ; I suppose you would sympathize with him. Why, when that infamous King of Naples, Bomba, was driven into Gaeta by Garibaldi with his immortal band of patriots, and Cavour sent against him the Army of Northern Italy, who was the weaker party then ? The tyrant and his minions ; and the majority was with the noble Italian patriots, struggling for liberty. I never heard that old England sent deputations to King Bomba, and yet his troops resisted bravely there. To-day the majority of the people of Rome are with Italy. Nothing but French bayonets keeps her from going back to the Kingdom of Italy, to which she belongs. Do you sympathize with the minority in Rome or the majority in Italy ? To-day the South is the minority in America, and they are fighting for " independence." For what ? I could wish so much bravery had had a better cause, and that so much self-denial had been less deluded ; that that poi-

sonous and venomous doctrine of State Sovereignty might have been kept aloof; that so many gallant spirits, such as Stonewall Jackson, might still have lived. The force of these facts, historical and incontrovertible, cannot be broken, except through diverting attention by an attack upon the North. It is said that the North is fighting for Union, and not for emancipation. The North is fighting for Union, for that ensures emancipation. A great many men say to ministers of the Gospel: "You pretend to be preaching and working for the love of the people. Why, you are all the time preaching for the sake of the Church!" What does the minister say? "It is by means of the Church that we help the people"; and when men say that we are fighting for the Union, I too say we are fighting for the Union. But the motive determines the value; and why are we fighting for the Union? Because we never shall forget the testimony of our enemies. They have gone off, declaring that the Union in the hands of the North was fatal to slavery. There is testimony in court for you!

We are fighting for the Union, because we believe that preamble which explains the very reason for which the Union was constituted. I will read it. "We,"—not the States,—"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union,"—I don't wonder you don't want to

hear it,—"in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, ensure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." It is for the sake of that justice, that common welfare, and that liberty for which the National Union was established that we fight for the Union. Because the South believed that the Union was against slavery, they left it. To-day, however, if the North believed that the Union was against liberty, they would leave it. . . .

Well, next it is said that the North treats the negro race worse than the South. Now, you see I don't fear any of these disagreeable arguments. I am going to face every one of them. In the first place, I am ashamed to confess that such was the thoughtlessness, such was the stupor of the North, —you will get a word at a time ; to-morrow will let folks see what it is you don't want to hear,— that for a period of twenty-five years she went to sleep, and permitted herself to be drugged and poisoned with the Southern prejudice against black men. The evil was made worse, because, when any object whatever has caused anger between political parties, a political animosity arises against that object, no matter how innocent in itself, no matter what were the original influences

which excited the quarrel. Thus the colored man has been the football between the two parties in the North, and has suffered accordingly. I confess it to my shame. But I am speaking now on my own ground; for I began twenty-five years ago, with a small party, to combat the unjust dislike of the colored man. Well, I have lived to see a total revolution in the Northern feeling; I stand here to bear solemn witness of that. It is not my opinion; it is my knowledge. Those men who undertook to stand up for the rights of all men—black as well as white—have increased in number; and now what party in the North represents those men that resist the evil prejudices of past years? The Republicans are that party. And who are those men in the North that have oppressed the negro? They are the Peace Democrats; and the prejudice for which in England you are attempting to punish me is a prejudice raised by the men who have opposed me all my life. These pro-slavery Democrats abused the negro. I defended him, and they mobbed me for doing it. O Justice! This is as if a man should commit an assault, maim and wound a neighbor, and a surgeon being called in should begin to dress his wounds, and by and by a policeman should come and collar the surgeon and haul him off to prison on account of the wounds which he was healing. . . .

I am every day asked when this war will end.

I wish I could tell you; but remember, slavery is the cause of the war. Slavery has been working for more than one hundred years, and a chronic evil cannot be suddenly cured; and, as war is the remedy, you must be patient to have the conflict long enough to cure the inveterate hereditary sore. But of one thing I think I may give you assurance: this war won't end until the cancer of slavery is cut out by the roots. I will read you a word from President Lincoln. It is a letter from Theodore Tilton. "A talk with President Lincoln revealed to me a great growth of wisdom. For instance, he said he was not going to press the colonization idea any longer, nor the gradual scheme of emancipation, expressing himself sorry that the Missourians had postponed emancipation for seven years. He said; 'Tell your antislavery friends that I am coming out all right.' He is desirous that the Border States shall form free constitutions, recognizing the proclamation, and thinks this will be made feasible by calling on loyal men."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have finished the exposition of this troubled subject. No man can unveil the future; no man can tell what revolutions are about to break upon the world; no man can tell what destiny belongs to France, nor to any of the European powers; but one thing is certain, that in the exigencies of the future there will be combinations and recombinations, and that those

nations that are of the same faith, the same blood, and the same substantial interests, ought not to be alienated from each other, but ought to stand together. I do not say that you ought not to be in the most friendly alliance with France or with Germany ; but I do say that your own children, the offspring of England, ought to be nearer to you than any people of strange tongue. If there have been any feelings of bitterness in America, let me tell you they have been excited, rightly or wrongly, under the impression that Great Britain was going to intervene between us and our lawful struggle. With the evidence that there is no such intention all bitter feelings will pass away. We do not agree with the recent doctrine of neutrality as a question of law. But it is past, and we are not disposed to raise that question. We accept it now as a fact ; and we say that the utterance of Lord Russell at Blairgowrie, together with the declaration of the Government in stopping war-steamers here, has gone far towards quieting every fear and removing every apprehension from our minds. And now in the future it is the work of every good man and patriot not to create divisions, but to do the things that will make for peace. On our part it shall be done. On your part it ought to be done ; and when, in any of the convulsions that come upon the world, Great Britain finds herself struggling single-handed against the gigantic

powers that spread oppression and darkness, there ought to be such cordiality that she can turn and say to her first-born and most illustrious child, "Come!" I will not say that England cannot again, as hitherto, single-handed manage any power; but I will say that England and America together for religion and liberty are a match for the world.

THADDEUS STEVENS

Thaddeus Stevens was born in Vermont in 1792. His parents were poor, but through the exertions of his mother the boy received a good education, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1814. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Bel Air, Md., and began practice at Gettysburg, Pa. He soon became widely known, and entered politics. He was a member of the Legislature for several terms, and in 1848 entered Congress as a Whig. He retired from Congress in 1853, but in 1858 he returned as a member of the Republican party, and at once took his place as leader of the Emancipationists. His powers of eloquence and his strong personality made him a champion of his cause, and his uncompromising support of the most radical measures caused him to be hated as much as feared. In 1868 he proposed the impeachment of President Johnson, and was prominent in the subsequent proceedings. He died in 1868.

Stevens had rare gifts as an orator, but these were confined to aggression. He was given to the most bitter of denunciations and taunts, and was unable to understand the very meaning of compromise or toleration. Yet he had great power of speech, and often cowed where he would have failed to persuade.

The best biography of Stevens is that by Samuel W. McCall (Boston, 1899).

ON RECONSTRUCTION

[Selection.] *Stevens.*

The earnestness, virulence, and bigotry of Stevens's speech on the first of the Reconstruction Bills, make it typical of the man. Utterly fearless of consequence or criticism, conscientious in his convictions, and immovable in his beliefs, Stevens was utterly intolerant of compromise. He always advocated the most radical measures, he was implacable and ruthless toward a conquered foe, but he forced respect because of his unquestionable integrity. In the speech of which a portion is given, he urged the doctrine of *væ victis,* but he did so for what he believed to be a great purpose. The speech itself has no pretension to eloquence; its language is frequently careless to involution; and the only attempt at rhetoric, the reference to the plagues of Egypt, is almost puerile in its diction. But the earnestness of the man carried so much effect that his speeches must be included in any volume on American Oratory, for if eloquence be judged by that which it effects and the sway it exercises upon its hearers, then was Thaddeus Stevens truly eloquent, though he offended every canon of rhetoric.

IT is obvious from all this that the first duty of Congress is to pass a law declaring the condition of these outside or defunct States, and providing proper civil governments for them. Since the conquest they have been governed by martial law. Military rule is necessarily despotic, and ought not to exist longer than is absolutely necessary. As there are no symptoms that the people of these provinces will be prepared to participate in constitutional government for some years, I know of no

arrangement so proper for them as territorial governments. There they can learn the principles of freedom and eat the fruit of foul rebellion. Under such governments, while electing members to the territorial legislatures, they will necessarily mingle with those to whom Congress shall extend the right of suffrage. In Territories, Congress fixes the qualifications of electors; and I know of no better place nor better occasion for the conquered rebels and the conqueror to practise justice to all men and accustom themselves to make and to obey equal laws.

And these fallen rebels cannot at their option reenter the heaven which they have disturbed, the Garden of Eden which they have deserted; as flaming swords are set at the gates to secure their exclusion, it becomes important to the welfare of the nation to inquire when the doors shall be reopened for their admission.

According to my judgment, they ought never to be recognized as capable of acting in the Union or of being counted as valid States, until the Constitution shall have been so amended as to make it what its framers intended and so as to secure the perpetual ascendancy to the party of the Union, and so as to render our republican government firm and stable forever. The first of those amendments is to change the basis of representation among the States from Federal members to actual voters.

Now all the colored freemen in the slave States, and three-fifths of the slaves, are represented, though none of them have votes. The States have nineteen representatives of colored slaves. If the slaves are now free, then they can add, for the other two-fifths, thirteen more, making the slaves represented by thirty-two. I suppose that free blacks in those States will give at least five more, making the representation of non-voting people of color about thirty-seven. The whole number of representatives now from the slave States is seventy. Add the other two-fifths, and it will be eighty-three.

If the amendment prevails, and those States withhold the right of suffrage from persons of color, it will deduct about thirty-seven, leaving them but forty-six. With the basis unchanged, the eighty-three Southern members, with the Democrats that will in the best times be elected from the North, will always give them a majority in Congress and in the Electoral College. They will at the very first election take possession of the White House and the halls of Congress. I need not depict the ruin that would follow. Assumption of the rebel debt or repudiation of the Federal debt would be sure to follow. The oppression of the freedmen, the reämendment of their State constitutions, and the reëstablishment of slavery would be the inevitable result. That they would scorn and

disregard their present constitutions, forced upon them in the midst of martial law, would be both natural and just. No one who has any regard for freedom of elections can look upon those governments, forced upon them in duress, with any favor. If they should grant the right of suffrage to persons of color, I think there would always be Union white men enough in the South, aided by the blacks, to divide the representation and thus continue the Republican ascendancy. If they should refuse to thus to alter their election laws, it would reduce the representatives of the late slave States about forty-five, and render them powerless for evil.

It is plain that this amendment must be consummated before the defunct States are admitted to be capable of State action, or it never can be.

The proposed amendment to allow Congress to lay a duty on exports is precisely in the same situation. Its importance cannot well be overestimated. It is very obvious that for many years the South will not pay much under our internal revenue laws. The only article on which we can raise any considerable amount is cotton. It will be grown largely at once. With ten cents a pound export duty it would be furnished cheaper to foreign markets than they could obtain it from any other part of the world. The late war has shown that. Two million bales exported, at five hundred pounds to the bale, would yield a hundred million dollars.

This seems to me the chief revenue we shall ever derive from the South. Besides, it would be a protection to that amount to our domestic manufactures. Other proposed amendments—to make all laws uniform, to prohibit the assumption of the rebel debt—are of vital importance, and the only thing that can prevent the combined forces of Copperheads and Secessionists from legislating against the interests of the Union whenever they may obtain an accidental majority.

But this is not all that we ought to do before these inveterate rebels are invited to participate in our legislation. We have turned, or are about to turn, loose four million of slaves without a hut to shelter them or a cent in their pockets. The infernal laws of slavery have prevented them from acquiring an education, understanding the commonest laws of contract, or of managing the ordinary business of life. This Congress is bound to provide for them until they can take care of themselves. If we do not furnish them with homesteads and hedge them around with protective laws, if we leave them to the legislation of their late masters, we had better have left them in bondage. Their condition would be worse than that of our prisoners at Andersonville. If we fail in this great duty now, when we have the power, we shall deserve and receive the execration of history and of all future ages.

Two things are of vital importance:

So to establish a principle that none of the rebel States shall be counted in any of the amendments of the Constitution until they are duly admitted into the family of States by the law-making power of their conqueror. For more than six months the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery has been ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States that acted on its passage by Congress, and which had legislatures or which were States capable of acting, or required to act, on the question.

I take no account of the aggregation of white-washed rebels, who without any legal authority have assembled in the capitals of the late rebel States and simulated legislative bodies. Nor do I regard with any respect the cunning by-play into which they deluded the Secretary of State by frequent telegraphic announcements that "South Carolina has adopted the amendment"; "Alabama has adopted the amendment, being the twenty-seventh State," etc. This was intended to delude the people and accustom Congress to hear repeated the names of these extinct States as if they were alive; when, in truth, they have no more existence than the revolted cities of Latium, two-thirds of whose people were colonized and their property confiscated, and their right of citizenship withdrawn, by conquering and avenging Rome.

It is equally important to the stability of this Republic that it should now be solemnly decided what power can revive, re-create, and reinstate these provinces into the family of States and invest them with the rights of American citizens. It is time that Congress should assert its sovereignty and assume something of the dignity of a Roman Senate. It is fortunate that the President invites Congress to take this manly attitude. After stating with great frankness, in his able message, his theory, which, however, is found to be impracticable and which I believe very few now consider tenable, he refers the whole matter to the judgment of Congress. If Congress should fail firmly and wisely to discharge that high duty, it is not the fault of the President.

This Congress owes it to its own character to set the seal of reprobation upon a doctrine which is becoming too fashionable, and unless rebuked will be the recognized principle of our Government. Governor Perry and other provisional governors and orators proclaim that "this is the white man's government." The whole Copperhead party, pandering to the lowest prejudices of the ignorant, repeat the cuckoo cry, "This is the white man's government." Demagogues of all parties, even some high in authority, gravely shout, "This is the white man's government." What is implied by this? That one race of men are to have the

exclusive right forever to rule this nation and to exercise all acts of sovereignty, while all other races and nations and colors are to be their subjects and have no voice in making the laws and choosing the rulers by whom they are to be governed. Wherein does this differ from slavery except in degree? Does not this contradict all the distinctive principles of the Declaration of Independence? When the great and good men promulgated that instrument and pledged their lives and sacred honors to defend it, it was supposed to form an epoch in civil government. Before that time it was held that the right to rule was vested in families, dynasties, or races, not because of superior intelligence or virtue, but because of a divine right to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Our fathers repudiated the whole doctrine of the legal superiority of families or races, and proclaimed the equality of men before the law. Upon that they created a revolution and built the Republic. They were prevented by slavery from perfecting the superstructure whose foundation they had thus broadly laid. For the sake of the Union they consented to wait, but never relinquished the idea of its final completion. The time to which they looked forward with anxiety has come. It is our duty to complete their work. If this Republic is not now made to stand on their great principles, it has no honest foundation, and the Father of all

men will shake it to its centre. If we have not yet been sufficiently scourged for our national sin to teach us to do justice to all God's creatures, without distinction of race or color, we must expect the still more heavy vengeance of an offended Father, still increasing His afflictions as He increased the severity of the plagues of Egypt until the tyrant consented to do justice. And when that tyrant repented of his reluctant consent and attempted to reënslave the people, as our Southern tyrants are attempting to do now, He filled the Red Sea with broken chariots and drowned horses, and strewed the shore with dead carcasses.

Mr. Chairman, I trust the Republican party will not be alarmed at what I am saying. I do not profess to speak their sentiments, nor must they be held responsible for them. I speak for myself, and take the responsibility, and will settle with my intelligent constituents.

This is not a "white man's government" in the exclusive sense in which it is used. To say so is political blasphemy, for it violates the fundamental principles of our gospel of liberty. This is man's government; the government of all men alike; not that all men will have equal power and sway within it. Accidental circumstances, natural and acquired endowment and ability, will vary their fortunes. But equal right to all the privileges of the government is innate in every immortal being,

no matter what the shape or color of the tabernacle which it inhabits.

If equal privileges were granted to all, I should not expect any but white men to be elected to office for long ages to come. The prejudice engendered by slavery would not soon permit merit to be preferred to color. But it would still be beneficial to the weaker races. In a country where political divisions will always exist, their power, joined with just white men, would greatly modify, if it did not entirely prevent, the injustice of majorities. Without the right of suffrage in the late slave States — I do not speak of the free States — I believe the slaves had far better been left in bondage. I see it stated that very distinguished advocates of the right of suffrage lately declared in this city that they do not expect to obtain it by congressional legislation, but only by administrative action, because, as one gallant gentleman said, the States had not been out of the Union. Then they will never get it. The President is far sounder than they. He sees that administrative action has nothing to do with it. If it ever is to come, it must be by constitutional amendments or congressional action in the Territories, and in enabling acts.

How shameful that men of influence should mislead and miseducate the public mind! They proclaim, "This is the white man's government,"

and the whole coil of Copperheads echo the same sentiment, and upstart, jealous Republicans join the cry. Is it any wonder ignorant foreigners and illiterate natives should learn this doctrine and be led to despise and maltreat a whole race of their fellow-men?

Sir, this whole doctrine of a "white man's government" is as atrocious as the infamous sentiment that damned the late Chief Justice to everlasting fame, and, I fear, to everlasting fire.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS

Alexander H. Stevens was born in Georgia in 1812. He received a good education, and in 1832 graduated from Franklin College, taking high honors. In 1834 he passed the bar, and in 1836 was elected to the Legislature by the party opposed to nullification. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and remained there until 1859. In 1861 he was chosen as the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, although he had always been strongly opposed to secession. At the close of the war he was arrested and confined for five months, but was released on parole. In 1866 he was chosen as Senator from Georgia, but was not allowed to take his seat, Georgia not having complied with the requirements for representation. In 1868 Mr. Stephens was called to a chair in the University of Georgia, but declined the appointment, He was absorbed in literary work for several succeeding years, but in 1874 was elected to Congress, remaining in that body until 1882, when he resigned. He was elected Governor of Georgia in 1882, filling the office with great credit until his death in 1883.

As an orator Stephens was impressive and generally dogmatic. He often seemed to contradict his words by his actions, and this rendered his utterances less forceful than might otherwise have been the case. Yet he always acted on principle, though not always consistently.

Stephens's most widely known work is *The War between the States* (2 vols., 1867–70). For account of his life, see biography by Johnston and Browne.

AT THE UNVEILING OF CARPENTER'S PICTURE

Stephens.

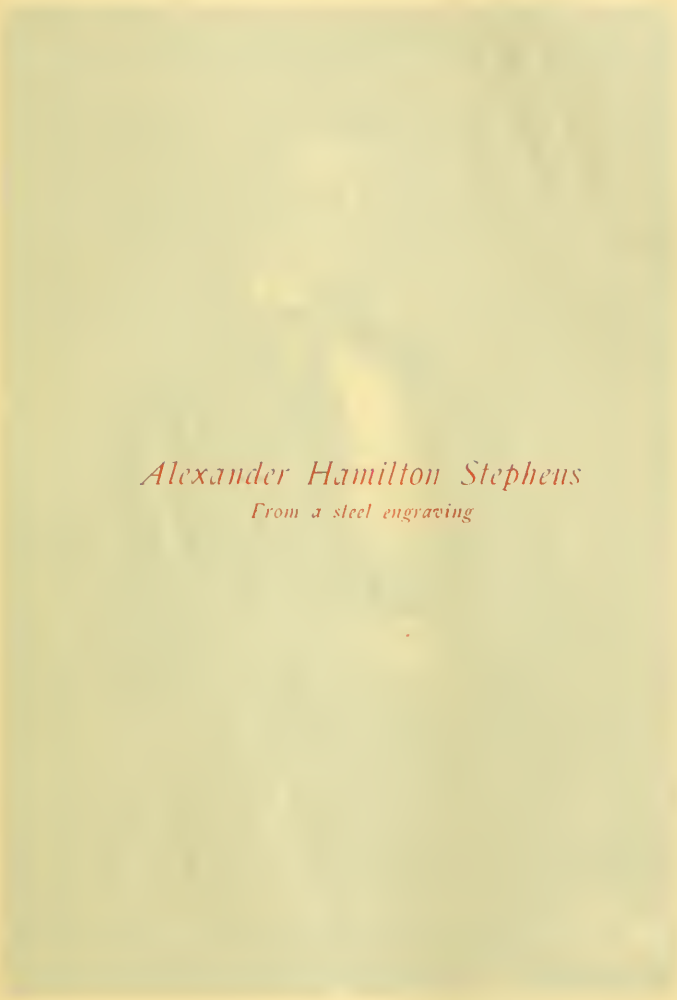
On February 12, 1878, the picture by F. B. Carpenter, representing Lincoln in the act of signing the Emancipation Proclamation, was unveiled in the Capitol, it having been purchased by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson and by her presented to the Government. Addresses were made by several members of Congress, including Mr. Garfield, to whom Mr. Stephens alludes in the opening of his speech. Stephens's remarks were characteristic, being marked by his invariable independence, yet never transgressing the canons of good taste or the legitimate boundaries of the occasion.

MR. PRESIDENT and Mr. Speaker: There is but little left to say in the performance of the part assigned me in the programme arranged for this august occasion. Upon the merits of the picture and the skill of the artist my friend from Ohio has dwelt at large. I can but endorse all he has so well said on that subject. As to the munificent gift of the donor, he has also left me nothing to add. The present of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar painting to the Government well deserves commendation. Few instances of this sort have occurred in the history of our country ; I know of none. The example of this generous lady in the

encouragement of art may well be followed by others.

Mr. President, with regard to the subject of the painting, I propose, if strength permits, to submit a few remarks: first, as to the central figure, the man; after that, as to the event commemorated. I knew Mr. Lincoln well. We met in the House in December, 1847. We were together during the Thirtieth Congress. I was as intimate with him as with any other man of that Congress, except perhaps one. That exception was my colleague, Mr. Toombs. Of Mr. Lincoln's general character I need not speak. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterward said on a memorable occasion, "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

In bodily form he was above the average, and so in intellect; the two were in symmetry. Not highly cultivated, he had a native genius far above the average of his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was ever overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." So much for him personally. From my attachment to him, so much the deeper was the pang in my own breast as well as of millions at the horrible manner of "his taking off." That was the climax of our troubles and the spring from which came afterward "unnumbered woes." But of those events no more now. Widely as we



Alexander Hamilton Stephens

From a steel engraving

differed on public questions and policies, yet as a friend I may say :

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

So much I have felt it my duty on this occasion to say in behalf of one with whom I held relations so intimate, and one who personally stood so high in my estimation.

Now as to the great historic event which this picture represents and which it is designed to commemorate.

This is perhaps a subject which, as my friend from Ohio has said, the people of this day and generation are not exactly in a condition to weigh rightfully and judge correctly. One thing was remarked by him which should be duly noted. That was this : Emancipation was not the chief object of Mr. Lincoln in issuing the proclamation. His chief object, the ideal to which his whole soul was devoted, was the preservation of the Union. Let not history confuse events. That proclamation, pregnant as it was with coming events, initiative as it was of ultimate emancipation, still originated in point of fact more from what was deemed the necessities of war than from any pure humanitarian view of the matter. Life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us.

This was evidently the case with Mr. Lincoln. He, in my opinion, was like all the rest of us, an instrument in the hands of that Providence above us, that "Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." I doubt much, as was indicated by my friend from Ohio, whether Mr. Lincoln at the time realized the great result. Mark you, the proclamation itself did not declare free all the colored people of the Southern States; it applied only to those parts of the country then in resistance to the Federal authorities. If the emancipation of the colored race, which is one of the greatest epochs in our day and will be so marked in the future history of this country, be a boon or a curse to them—a question which, under Providence, is yet to be solved, and which depends much upon themselves—then, representing the Southern States here, I must claim in their behalf that the freedom of that race was never finally consummated, and could not be until the Southern States sanctioned the Thirteenth Amendment, which they did every one of them, by their own former constituencies. Before the upturning of Southern society by the Reconstruction Acts, the white people there came to the conclusion that their domestic institution known as slavery had better be abolished. They accepted the proposition for emancipation by a voluntary, uncontrolled sanction of the proposed Thirteenth Amendment

to the Constitution of the United States. This sanction was given by the original constituency of those States, the former governing white race, and without that sanction the Thirteenth Amendment never could have been incorporated in the fundamental law. That is the charter of the colored man's freedom. Mr. Lincoln's idea, as embodied in his first proclamation of September twenty-second, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, as well as that of January the first, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, was consummated by the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and without that the proclamation had nothing but the continued existence of the war to sustain it. Had the States in resistance laid down their arms by the first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, the Union would have been saved, but the condition of the slave so called would have been unchanged. Upon the subject of emancipation itself it may here be stated that the pecuniary view, the politico-economic question involved, the amount of property invested under the system, though that was vast, not less than two billion dollars, weighed, in my estimation, no more than a drop in the bucket compared with the great ethnological problem now in the process of solution.

Mr. President, as to this institution called slavery in the Southern States many errors existed, and many exceedingly unjust prejudices. Prejudice!

What wrongs, what injuries, what mischiefs, what lamentable consequences have resulted at all times from this perversity of the intellect! Of all the obstacles to the advancement of truth and human progress in every department of knowledge, in science, in art, in government, and in religion, in all ages and climes, not one on the list is more formidable, more difficult to overcome and subdue, than this horrible distortion of the moral as well as intellectual faculties.

I could enjoin no greater duty upon my countrymen now, North and South, as I said upon a former occasion, than the exercise of that degree of forbearance which would enable them to conquer their prejudices. One of the highest exhibitions of the morally sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, the greatest orator I ever heard, combining thought with elocution, when, after Faneuil Hall was denied him, he in an open barouche in the streets of Boston proclaimed in substance to a vast assembly of his constituents —unwilling hearers—that they had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices.

I would say this to the people of the North as well as to the people of the South.

Indulge me for a moment upon this subject of the institution of slavery, so called, in the Southern States. Well, Mr. President and Mr. Speaker, it was not unmitigated evil. It was not—thus much I can say—without its compensations. It is my purpose now, however, to bury, not to praise, to laud, "nor aught extenuate."

It had its faults, and most grievously has the country, North and South—for both were equally responsible for it,—answered them. It also, let it be remembered, gave rise to some of the noblest virtues that adorn civilization. But let its faults and virtues be buried alike forever.

I will say this: If it were not the best relation for the happiness and welfare of both races or could not be made so, morally, physically, intellectually, and politically, it was wrong, and ought to have been abolished. This I said of it years before secession, and I repeat it still. But, as I have said, this is no time now to discuss those questions.

I have seen something of the world and travelled somewhat, and I have never yet found on earth a paradise. The Southern States are no exception. Wherever I have been I have been ready to exclaim with Burns:

"But oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!

. . . . .

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn ! "

It was so at the South. It was so at the North. It is so yet. It is so in every part of the world where I have been. The question of the proper relation of the races is one of the most difficult problems which statesmen or philanthropists, legislators or jurists, ever had to solve. The former policy of the Southern States upon this subject is ended ; but I do not think it inappropriate on this occasion to indulge in some remarks upon the subject. Since the emancipation, since the former ruling race have been relieved of their direct heavy responsibility for the protection and welfare of their dependents, it has been common to speak of the colored race as "the ward of the nation."

May I not say with appropriateness in this connection and due reverence, in the language of Georgia's greatest intellect (Toombs), "They are rather the wards of the Almighty," committed now under a new state of things to the rulers, the law-makers, the law-expounders, and the law executors throughout this broad land, within their respective constitutional spheres, to take care of and provide for in that complicated system of government under which we live ? I am inclined, Sir, so to regard them and so to speak of them—not as exceptional cases, but as a mass. In the providence of God, why their ancestors were permitted

to be brought over here it is not for us to say, but they have a location and habitation here, especially in the South ; and since the changed condition of their status, though it was the leading cause of the late terrible conflict of arms between the States, yet I think I may venture to affirm there is not one within the circle of my acquaintance, or in the whole Southern country, who would wish to see the old relation restored.

If there is one in all the South who would desire a change back I am not aware of it. Well, then, this changed status creates new duties. The wardship had changed hands. Men of the North and of the South, of the East and of the West,—I care not what party,—I would to-day, on this commemorative occasion, urge upon every one within the sphere of duty and humanity, whether in public or private life, to see to it that there be no violation of the divine trust.

Mr. President and Mr. Speaker, one or two other reflections may not be out of place on this occasion. In submitting them I shall but repeat, in substance, what I said in my own State nearly twelve years ago. What is to be the future ?

During the conflict of arms I frequently almost despaired of the liberties of our country, both South and North. War seldom advances, while it always menaces, the cause of liberty, and most

frequently results in its destruction. The Union of these States at first I always thought was founded upon the assumption that it was the best interest of all to remain united, faithfully performing each for itself its own constitutional obligations under the compact. When secession was resorted to as a remedy, it was only to avoid a greater evil that I went with my State, holding it to be my duty so to do, but believing all the time that, if successful, — for which end I strove most earnestly,—when the passions of the hour and of the day were over, the great law which produced the Union at first, "mutual interest and reciprocal advantage," — this grand truth, which Great Britain learned after seven years of the Revolutionary War and put in the preamble to the preliminary articles of peace in seventeen hundred and eighty-one, would reassert itself, and that at no distant day a new Union of some sort would again be formed.

My earnest desire, however, throughout was that whatever might be done might be peaceably done ; might be the result of calm, dispassionate, and enlightened reason, looking to the permanent interests and welfare of all. And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united,

as I trust it will,—the States still being "separate as the billows but one as the sea,"—this thorn in the body politic being now removed, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, the flag no longer waving over provinces but States, we as a whole, with "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, and entangling alliances with none," may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World by grander achievements hereafter to be made than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our matchless system of American federal institutions of self-government. All this is possible if the hearts of the people be right. It is my earnest wish to see it. Fondly would I indulge my fancy in gazing on such a picture of the future. With what rapture may we not suppose the spirits of our fathers would hail its opening scenes from their mansions above! But if, instead of all this, sectional passions shall continue to bear sway; if prejudice shall rule the hour; if a conflict of classes, of labor and capital, or of the races, shall arise; if the embers of the late war shall be kept glowing until with new fuel they shall flame up again, then our late great troubles and disasters were but a shadow, the *penumbra* of that deeper and darker eclipse which is to totally obscure this hemisphere and blight forever the anxious anticipations and expectations

of mankind ! Then, hereafter, by some bard may be sung—

"The Star of Hope shone brightest in the West,
The hope of Liberty, the last, the best ;
It, too, has set upon her darkened shore,
And Hope and Freedom light up earth no more."

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